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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 545
EDITORIALS:
- An Advance Toward Disarmament 548
- The German Blundering 549
- Back to the Jungle 549
- The Talkies Win 550

IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN. By Heywood Broun 551
SEX AND THE LAW. By Dudley Nichols 552
ONE-HUNDRED PER CENT AMERICANS ON STRIKE. By Paul Blanshard 554
THE FRENCH POLITICAL SITUATION. By Robert Dell 556
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 557
CORRESPONDENCE 558
BOOKS AND MUSIC:
- Vineyard. By Ruth Lechlitner 560
- This Week: The Same Old Dragon. By Freda Kirchwey 560
- Taming Leviathan. By Joseph Wood Krutch 561
- Secretaries of State. By Lindsay Rogers 561
- The Son's Revenge. By Katharine Anthony 563
- Ten Pioneer Leaders. By Roger Baldwin 564
- Satire and Romance Meet. By Mildred Adams 565
- Form in Fiction. By Clifton P. Fadiman 566
- Books in Brief 567
- Music: Epilogue of the Season. By Lawrence Adler 568

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Censorship in Ireland. By R. M. Fox 570

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 571

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ON APRIL 6, 1917, Robert Marion La Follette was hanged in effigy in Washington, D. C. On April 25, 1929, a statue of him by Jo Davidson was unveiled in Statuary Hall of the Capitol in the same city. Between these two extremes no man can accurately estimate what passions have been born and died, what causes have run their entire course, what gold has been poured into the bottomless pit of war, what lives have been offered up to the same sacrifice. Millions of men, hundreds of millions of dollars, dynasties, national boundaries, the honor and integrity of nations—all these were either lost or gravely jeopardized by the war against which Senator La Follette uncompromisingly fought. For a time he was probably the most unpopular man in America. He was denounced by nearly every newspaper in the country, he was condemned by patriotic orators as a traitor and an unscrupulous demagogue. Through it all he stood firmly to his principles, and went on with his task of reorganizing the government of Wisconsin—and championing the causes of liberty and peace. Now it is Wisconsin that unveils the statue in his honor, Wisconsin which has sent his son to the Senate of the United States, Wisconsin which bears deep on its political surface the stamp of his personality and his work. There were others to eulogize him when the statue officially appeared: Senator Norris, Senator Wheeler, Senator Blaine of Wisconsin, many friends, many old supporters. Those who hanged him in effigy were not present; but, on the other hand, nobody has the least notion who they were.

APPLAUSE in the House of Representatives greeted the story of a young man shot and killed by a policeman's bullet as he was driving a truck which was later discovered to be transporting liquor. Bishop Cannon, on being told of the event, described it as "one of the healthiest indications I have heard of in a long time." It was not, of course, healthy for the young man who was shot, but it provided several eminent legislators and doubtless many other persons with the reviving catharsis that complete satisfaction always brings. Doubtless those same persons are congratulating themselves on the refusal of an Illinois grand jury to bring an indictment for murder against the prohibition official who shot and killed Mrs. Lillian de King in the process of a raid on her home in which her husband was beaten unconscious by raiding officers. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the officer who falsely swore that De King sold him liquor was indicted for perjury. The killing of Mrs. de King, however, was declared by the jury to be an "accident" of the raid. We believe that it is by decisions such as these that the prohibition movement will be defeated, if it is defeated, and not by the refusal of otherwise worthy citizens to conform. Champions of prohibition should be wise enough to realize that violence will be met only with violence and that the killing of a large number of men and women by police officers does not inculcate in the minds of the citizenry a respect for law.

THE CONTROVERSY between the United States and Canada over the sinking of the I'm Alone is to be submitted to arbitration. The very friendly correspondence on the case reveals the two countries to be in direct conflict on several vital points, though both base their conclusions on interpretations of the treaty of 1924. The United States contends that when first hailed the rum-running schooner was within an hour's sailing distance from our shores and that the right of "hot pursuit" is allowed from any point within this distance. Canada, on the other hand, contends that the I'm Alone was not within an hour's sailing distance from our coast; that a vessel may not be pursued out to sea unless the pursuit begins within the three-mile limit; that she does not recognize that the principle of "hot pursuit" admits of the cutting in of a second vessel that did not begin the chase and which, in the case of the I'm Alone, did the actual shooting. Finally—and this is the most serious point—Canada holds that even within the limits of the treaty of 1924 she would be

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> loath to admit that the phrase "the vessel may be seized and taken into a port of the United States" would warrant action so drastic as the destruction of a vessel; still less does authority appear to be conferred for the destruction of a vessel by shell-fire on the high seas, accompanied by loss of life after a pursuit lasting for two days.

The note from Canada further accuses the Coast Guard cutter of a deliberate intention to sink the I'm Alone, since she could have been rendered helpless by a shot which would have crippled her rudder. In this connection, an excerpt from the first United States note is interesting: "It is stated that the sea was too rough to permit the I'm Alone to be boarded and seized by force." If the seas were too rough to permit boarding of the I'm Alone by force, they must have been rough enough to make the sinking of the ship an act of brutality out of all proportion to the crime with which she was charged, not to mention the stupidity of destroying the evidence necessary to convict her.

PRESIDENT VASQUEZ of Santo Domingo is in the uncomfortable position of a man who, in doubt as to what ails him, calls in a specialist, hears his diagnosis, and is then left wondering if the cure isn't more likely to kill him than the disease. Previous to the visit of Charles G. Dawes and his ready reckoners, Señor Vasquez suffered only from indefinite financial troubles; now he suffers from definite ones, with political afflictions thrown in. Mr. Dawes and his staff have ransacked Dominican finances and drafted a budget from which it appears that the republic must reduce its expenditures by $4,127,000 a year unless it wishes to resort to higher taxation or another foreign loan. But higher taxes would be likely to cause serious political discontent, if not violent opposition, and Santo Domingo is already carrying the burden of a loan of $20,000,000 from United States bankers. In order to assure the interest on this loan the collection of the customs is in the hands of United States citizens, and the republic is pledged to do no further borrowing without the consent of our Department of State. In the circumstances consent would not be likely, and in any event foreign loans—and control—are as unpopular in Santo Domingo as higher taxation.

BUT NEITHER IS REDUCTION of expenditures easy. President Vasquez has followed the accepted technique of placating his political foes by giving them jobs or contracts. The Dawes budget calls for a drastic reduction in public works and other expenditures. Can the President cut down the ration of pap and still keep his adversaries in hand? Apparently he thinks so, for he has announced his intention to put the budget into effect, and with the prestige of Mr. Dawes to back him we surmise that President Vasquez stands a good chance of success. If so, it will be an excellent day's work not only for Santo Domingo but for all the Caribbean republics, which, if they are to retain their independence, must learn how to pay as they go and not fall into foreign control through the mischievous system of loans. Mr. Dawes seems to have been a treat to Santo Domingo in ways other than financial. He conformed beautifully to the traditional picture of the "typical Yankee" in action. Having announced the date of his departure before arrival, he cut out the usual week or so of social preliminaries, breezed through the job, and left according to schedule. But he found time withal to sit down at the piano and play "Ramona" to an admiring audience, and no doubt his visit will supply gossip for weeks to come on the subject of the incredible *yanqui*.

A LAWYER who is not reputable enough to belong to the American Bar Association is still permitted to act as a judge in California courts; that is the conclusion to be reached from the acquittal in impeachment proceedings of Judge Carlos S. Hardy by the California Senate after he had accepted a $2,500 check from Aimee Semple McPherson. The pretense that Judge Hardy had received Aimee's $2,500 as a "love offering" was rejected by his fellow-lawyers when he was expelled from the American Bar Association for unprofessional conduct, but the more gullible legislators gave him a coat of whitewash. To be sure, it was a very thin coat of whitewash, since they voted 21 to 18 that he had not been guilty of obstructing justice by aiding the redoutable Aimee to concoct and defend her kidnapping story. We presume that Judge Hardy will continue as a faithful leader of Aimee's Angelus Temple. In Louisiana Governor Huey P. Long is faced with an impeachment trial in the State Senate on May 14. The charge of instigating the murder of one of his political opponents has been dropped, but the House has voted five charges against him which range in seriousness from "general incompetency" to the bribery of State officials. The distressing thing about such impeachment trials as those of Judge Hardy and Governor Long is that partisan politics plays so large a part in the determination of the verdict. By some sort of magic process our federal and State Senators are supposed to shed their partisanship when they judge an executive officer, but experience shows that a party politician cannot be made an impartial judge by calling him one.

"GET THE HELL off this street and go on home," said a special deputy sheriff of Gastonia, North Carolina, to a man who was quietly walking by the Loray cotton mills, where a strike was in progress. "I am going down the street," said the man. Whereupon he was beaten with clubs by several deputies until he fell to the ground, and then was kicked. It happened that the man was Le Gette Blythe, reporter for one of the most reactionary newspapers in the South, the Charlotte *Observer*. The offending deputy sheriff was suspended and the incident will be investigated, but deputies who have beaten up strikers are doing business as usual. They are dispersing picket lines as "parades" and arresting strikers with or without cause. Mr. Blythe describes the scene on April 23 when the strikers attempted to picket the mill and were stopped by deputies with bayonets:

> A moment after the first blow was struck the officers started clearing the streets. I saw old men and old women knocked off or pushed off the streets simply because they couldn't get along fast enough. One old woman was dragged from in front of the relief store, and with one officer twisting her arm and others pulling her was thrown into a waiting car.

Meanwhile the Gastonia strike goes its way with only the most remote chance of success. Not one arrest has been made of any member of the mob of masked citizens who demolished the union's headquarters with axes on April 18. This condoning of lawlessness has brought forth sharp

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criticism from the Greensboro *News* and the Raleigh *News and Observer*. The former says:

> If a masked mob of 50 to 230 men, armed with axes and crowbars, had swarmed down upon the Loray mill in the night and sought to destroy it, the alarm that would have gone up would have reverberated from one end of the State to the other.

BY POLITICAL JUGGLING in the closing hours of the Pennsylvania Legislature the Republican machine put on the statute books a bill concerning the coal and iron police which is so weak as to be farcical. After the murder of the miner John Barkoski, described in *The Nation* of February 27, public sentiment in the western part of the State demanded the abolition of the coal and iron police or the restriction of their authority to mining property. The Musmanno bill, which passed the Pennsylvania House of Representatives by unanimous vote, would have limited the power of private policemen to company property, but the Mansfield bill, passed by the Senate, allowed them authority within a limit of 1,000 feet on each side of such property. There were assurances from Governor Fisher that he believed in the abolition of all coal and iron police. The passage of the Musmanno bill seemed certain. But shortly before the end of the legislative session it was discovered that both the Mansfield and the Musmanno bills were being pickled in committee through the pressure of coal interests. In the end the Mansfield bill was passed and signed by Governor Fisher. Under it private policemen will be bonded for $2,000, but they will be allowed to roam over non-company territory near coal mines, inflicting their special brand of law and order upon helpless miners. The liberals of Pennsylvania will chalk up a black mark against the Mellon-Fisher-Grundy machine and prepare for another battle at the next session of the legislature against the abuses of private police.

ANYBODY CAN TALK about the imprisonment of Socrates, Napoleon, or Sir Walter Raleigh at the University of Pittsburgh, but the imprisonment of Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings is another matter. When Harry Elmer Barnes, professor of historical sociology at Smith College, appeared at the university on April 22 to speak before the student Liberal Club on the Mooney case the meeting was forced off the campus by a former prison guard, acting under orders from Dean A. H. Armbruster and Chancellor John G. Bowman. Mr. Barnes finally spoke to students from the running-board of an automobile in a parking-lot near the university. Angered by the break-up of their meeting the student members of the Liberal Club declared: "We will not be denied our right to hear whomsoever we please and say whatever we wish." Whereupon the club was ordered to disband on penalty of the expulsion of its members, but a few brave students have continued to meet in spite of the order. Fortunately the Scripps-Howard Pittsburgh *Press* has championed the cause of the students, has asked Chancellor Bowman a number of embarrassing questions about the contributions he is soliciting for his Cathedral of Learning, and has revealed other examples of the suppression of free speech at the university in recent months. To Harry Elmer Barnes and to the Liberal Club students *The Nation* extends hearty congratulations for their courage in fighting the steel and coal magnates who control Pittsburgh life. We are not greatly concerned whether the students are expelled or not so long as they stand by their principles. To be expelled from such an institution as the University of Pittsburgh for defending academic freedom is an opportunity and distinction which comes to few.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, at thirty years of age, is to become president of the University of Chicago on July 1. To be in succession a graduate of Yale College, secretary of Yale University, professor of law, dean of the Yale Law School, and now president of one of the country's largest universities—all in less than a decade in the life of one person—must be as dizzying a progress viewed from the inside as it seems kaleidoscopic from without. Mr. Hutchins has paused long enough as dean of the Law School, however, to give us some idea of what turns his energies take when they radiate from a relatively fixed point. He has been one of the most audible spokesmen for the renovation of the university law school in the direction of making it a graduate and research institution rather than a mere preparation for bar examinations. Toward this end he not only forcibly changed the curriculum at Yale, reduced the number of students, and brought economists, sociologists, and psychologists into the law faculty, but he has even had time genuinely to participate in some of these researches, in the field of evidence. There is good reason to doubt, however, that Mr. Hutchins's future services will be directed to scholarship. His capacity for high-powered organization, such as the recently founded Institute of Human Relations, his zest for all the academic intrigue and machination required to put such "big ideas" across, is so great that it seems to outrun his interest in the schemes themselves—whatever be their merit. His ability to raise money and to wangle his way through the most intricate academic politics certainly recommends him for his new office. But it would be a doubtful blessing to the university world at large if Mr. Hutchins as president of the University of Chicago should indulge in the kind of piratical trading in professors that in the last few years has made the law schools in the East resemble a major baseball league.

THE MILLIONS put into motor busses and aviation have had their effect upon the railroads if we may judge by the announcements that have been appearing in the press of shortened schedules between the large cities of the East. Thus the Baltimore and Ohio has cut down the running time for some of its trains between Washington and New York, and the New York Central has similarly reduced the running time for its trains between New York and Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis, etc., besides adding a couple of extra fast trains without additional fare. Obviously, the railroads must do something. Almost every one that has reported upon the result of its operations in 1928 admits a heavy falling off in passenger revenues because of the competition of the private automobile and the motor bus. Thus, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western reports a decrease of 1,016,000 passengers since 1927, and the Southern Railway confesses a loss of 30 per cent of its passenger traffic. They have only been able to stand these losses by increased economies and greater operation-efficiency. But there is a limit to that. Hence, the railroads are turning in other directions.

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An Advance Toward Disarmament

TWICE in one week was Geneva electrified by declarations made in behalf of the United States by Hugh S. Gibson at the meeting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission. Unfortunately the second declaration was as reactionary as the first was progressive. On April 22 Mr. Gibson broke the deadlock on naval reductions by suggesting that a common unit for measuring ship strength be sought, on the basis of which the United States would be willing to accept the French proposal of 1927 for limitations based both on total tonnage and by categories. This was a substantial concession from the United States *in behalf of disarmament*. But four days later Mr. Gibson made another concession. He dropped in behalf of the United States—and thus compelled other countries to follow suit—the previous insistence that reserves be counted as part of a nation's army strength. This is as definitely a concession *in behalf of armament* as the earlier action was against it. For it permits the iniquitous institution of universal military service for young men and allows France, Italy, and other continental nations to maintain their reserve forces at whatever strength they please apart from any limits which may be set for standing armies. We feel that this concession betrays the whole principle of army reduction and—unless modified—the usefulness of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission will be confined hereafter to naval limitation. In the latter direction, however, Mr. Gibson's earlier proposal is full of hope.

Not, of course, that we look to complete disarmament as a result of this proposal. As our readers are aware, our belief is that the way to disarm is to disarm, and we see no sense in the richest and most powerful country in the world, with its titanic resources and impregnable shores, haggling with other nations over precise ratios or equalities. No two navies could ever be made equal—not if they built ship for ship jointly; any high officer's single blunder can wreck an armada. But as long as our government has not the courage and wisdom to go ahead on its own and again set to the world the shining example of fearless disarmament which marked its national life for the first century of its existence when it was weak and struggling, we are happy to acclaim any move which points in the right direction. We cannot but admire, too, the tactics which suggested the new move just at this hour. Whether consciously or not, Washington seized the psychological moment. In the middle of its electoral battle for life the Baldwin Government in England was bound to acclaim the new proposal; by some suspicious minds it is already regarded as a Hoover effort to save Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain, whose mishandling of the tripartite naval conference possibly did more to bring their Government into disrepute in England than any other of their sins of omission and commission. We do not believe that Mr. Hoover has been as subtle or as Machiavellian as that, but we do acclaim the choice of this hour to compel Great Britain to meet the new move in terms of cordial friendliness. That is a gain for the whole world.

Just what is the new move? At Geneva in 1927 the deadlock occurred because Great Britain and the United States could not agree on the number of cruisers. The United States wanted more big cruisers with eight-inch guns, and Great Britain more small cruisers. "We believe," said Mr. Gibson then, "that the maximum size of each category should be prescribed, also the maximum caliber of guns, because we are convinced that we cannot go wrong if we deal with tangible and visible characteristics rather than complicate the problem by dealing with characteristics that are not openly visible to all the world that cares to see." No total tonnage for these respective categories could be hit upon which satisfied both these countries. The French suggested in vain that an effort be made to combine what is known as the global plan with the category plan, so that if each nation were awarded a total tonnage in a given class of ships, one category might be increased by borrowing tonnage from another category, the total amount, however, not to be altered. Thus, if the United States were awarded, let us say, 200,000 tons in submarines and felt that it wanted more destroyer tonnage and less submarine, it could borrow 50,000 tons from the submarine class. Similarly, England might build more cruisers by borrowing tonnage from the destroyers, but since the maximum could not be exceeded, too great a tonnage could not be built up in any one category. Since the Americans flatly refused this French compromise in 1927 it was certainly a great step forward for Mr. Gibson to say: "My government is disposed to accept the French proposal as a basis of discussion." That is the crux of the whole matter. He reopened a deadlocked situation by this admission of an American change of front.

More than that, Mr. Gibson reinforced this simple proposal with words which are very suggestive of a new spirit in the White House or the Department of State. He said in effect: "Let us substitute reduction for limitation as our basic idea; limitation may mean either more or less of armaments, but reduction can mean only less." Again he declared that "methods are of secondary importance," and that "any approach . . . on purely technical grounds is bound to be inconclusive." If by the latter sentence he meant to imply that the day is over of the pettifogging and opinionated naval technicians who have wrangled over little technical details, and contributed so largely to the defeat of the will to peace of the plain people of the naval Powers, this again is a very great step forward.

Finally another hopeful thing is the recognition on the part of Mr. Gibson and the others at Geneva that the Kellogg Peace Pact does put upon all who signed it some responsibility for attacking the problem of navies in its spirit. Mr. Gibson put it squarely when he said that the new approach must be from the point of view of the Kellogg Pact, and that if the problem was tackled from that angle "a common-sense agreement" ought to be forthcoming. Of course, the Labor Party in England has acclaimed the new move. So will Russian and so will German opinion, and so will the people of France. It remains to be seen how far the politicians at Geneva will permit this new spirit to make itself felt.

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The German Blundering

THAT is what Herr Schacht's performance at Paris has been—blundering of a type to recall the ineptness of German officialdom during the World War. An evil destiny seems to hang over the Germans, so that inevitably they are let down at a crucial moment by the wrong tactics and psychology of the man or the men chosen to represent them.

Even a good case can quickly be spoiled in this manner, and Herr Schacht unquestionably had a good case. If proof of that were needed, we would recall the fact that years ago Winston Churchill himself declared that the Germans could not possibly pay as large sums as Herr Schacht offered in their name. Despite the optimistic reports of S. Parker Gilbert, the Allies asked too much. Mr. Gilbert himself might freely admit this while continuing to insist that the Reich could actually raise the sums demanded. For there are prices too high to pay even when one can find the necessary coins in one's purse. The cost may be too great in morale, in loss of physical and spiritual power, of hope and ambition; and there are psychological and political factors which must not be overlooked unless the aim is completely to devitalize the country.

That political and social factors entered into the German decision to wreck the reparations conference is entirely likely. There are those who believe the inner German situation to be so threatening as to make the leaders prefer to remain under the tutelage of the Dawes Plan and the Transfer Committee rather than to face greater financial autonomy. Others, we ourselves among them, feel that political conditions at least dictated a strong independent stand at Paris by the Reich's representatives. They might return to Berlin empty-handed, but they must not come back without having stated their position forcefully and vigorously, as equals talking to equals. This was indicated not only by the status of the Reichstag's parties; it was all but compelled by the sufferings of great masses of people. For, if there is much prosperity in certain circles, if many German companies are in a position to plow large amounts under for replacements and modernization, the sum total of the unemployed remains staggering and so does the misery among those who were ruined by war and inflation. The Germans have done wonders in ten years, but no magic wand has restored or can restore the accumulated savings of multitudes. Finally there is still the nationalistic pressure for a defiant and intransigent attitude toward the Allies.

Nothing of this excuses, however, the Schacht tactics. It was a time for laying all the cards on the table, face up. Cable dispatches from the other side discredit the correctness of the first reports that at the eleventh hour Dr. Schacht coupled to his financial ultimatum a demand for territorial satisfaction in the way of the restoration of the former German colonies, immediate evacuation of German soil, and the release of the Saar basin. We hope that this is true. Otherwise the bungling of the German representative would have been colossal in its stupidity. It is perfectly obvious that his one hope of success was to be reasonable, frank, and straightforward, to offer the best that could possibly be given, and to fortify that offer with irrefutable facts and unanswerable arguments. If other considerations were to be brought the time to produce them would not be the last moment but the beginning.

There have been many signs in these last ten years that there was a new and better spirit at work in Berlin. The pity of it is that if these Paris negotiations finally fail the Germans will themselves have largely destroyed that reservoir of good-will and friendly feeling and a readiness to forget the past which has been built up in the amazing brief space of time since the close of hostilities. Especially in the United States will the Schacht tactics do much mischief. Yet it is in the United States alone that Germany can find its financial salvation. Here it must borrow in the future, as it has largely borrowed in the past, the great sums which represent almost exactly what it has paid to the Allies in reparation accounts.

That there is a paralysis of the German Parliament because of the multiplicity of parties is true; that the great industrialists still have their insensate fear of complete Socialist government is also true. One feels like condemning the entire genus of politicians to eternal damnation when one considers their inability in Austria and Germany to sink partisanship in the face of a social, industrial, and financial crisis. It is certainly an indictment of German patriotism that no more than in 1919 can it present a united front to the Allies and to the specters of want, disorganization, political paralysis, and financial misery which threaten it. How could there have been anything at Paris save a tactful, warm-spirited, but resolute presentation of the ultimate terms, with candor, straightforward earnestness, and the determination to find a way out? To us it seems that a success at Paris, won in this manner, must have been the finest inspiration for wiser and nobler politics at home.

Back to the Jungle

ONCE upon a time, during the reign of Alfred E. Smith, there sprang up a legend that there had arisen a "New Tammany." According to this fable, the Tiger *had* changed his stripes. Plenty of clean, nice men had joined the Hall, and we were asked to believe that it was an entirely reformed organization. Also there was Alfred E. Smith to prove it. If the ward heelers snickered at this behind their itching palms, it suited their purposes—for a time. With the defeat of Al Smith, the need of pretense disappeared. The cult of respectability had served its purpose. On April 23 the hands of time were turned back thirty or more years. Neither Alfred Smith nor Judge Olvany, the retiring boss, nor Mayor Walker nor Senator Wagner could or would control the election, so the ward leaders chose one of their own, John F. Curry, as the leader of the "New Tammany." An old-time political fixer, a typical ward boss without distinction, force, or social vision, he thus becomes the most powerful political figure in the greatest American city. We have gone back to the old sordid Tammany.

There is a brazenness about this entirely characteristic of the organization. It knows that Al Smith's connection with Tammany made him anathema to great multitudes of Americans who cannot forget that this organization has

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been built upon the tears, the misery, the sufferings, yes, the blood, of uncountable men and women who have lived under its misrule, while it has ever striven to disguise its true self by the pretense that it was the working man's best friend and that it stood by the poor when there was no one else to help them. Yet now that Smith is down and out why should the gang hold back any longer? It is true that they are no longer grafting from the saloonkeeper, the street-walker, and perhaps not from the little gamblers. There is bigger game to be had, as the Queens graft scandal showed, while the graft in the street cleaning department and just now in the county clerk's office shows that the petty looting has never ceased. The bootleggers' graft finds its way to many—we had almost written everybody. Indeed, the government of Mayor Walker has been a continuous round of political scandal and civic incompetence, in which the failure of the police to discover the murderers of Rothstein and others of those who have divided the city into sections for plunder stands out. But Tammany counts on Mayor Walker's personal attractiveness, his ability to convince hearers that he is devoted to them and their interests, his skilful acting in public, and his success in maintaining the five-cent fare to reelect him.

Tammany allowed Al Smith to govern well in Albany for several reasons—perhaps because he knew too much about it, besides being himself a pretty good smoke-screen. It has now served notice upon the Democratic Party of the nation that it cares not one iota what becomes of that party in the future. It is going back to its own, to its own rich jungle wherein it may kill and chase and kill again to its heart's content. If there are still those innocent souls abroad in the land who think that it is possible to make a great and idealistic and pure reform force out of the Democratic Party, let them read the news from the Wigwam and take heed. Tammany in alliance with the religious bigots and the temperance forces in the South? Let him believe it who will.

The Talkies Win

NO sooner had the talking picture appeared than the movie producers plunged into the new industry with what appeared to the outsider to be an inexplicable rashness, but the support of the public seems already to have justified their calculations. So great was the demand for "talkies" that the industry was revolutionized in a few weeks and the silent picture became almost obsolete overnight. Literally hundreds of "shorts"—musical numbers and vaudeville acts—were turned out in a month or two and even the negatives already on hand were hastily revised by the addition of a few scenes in dialogue. Now production has entered upon its second stage. There is a mad scramble for plays, actors, song writers, and dramatists. A new trek toward Hollywood has begun and astounding sums are expended in the production of new features.

Not the slightest attention has been paid to the doubts expressed by those outside the business. The producers have disregarded the foreign market (though some do still arrange silent versions of their films) as gaily as they have dismissed the commercially unimportant protests of the deaf, and they have showed themselves in no way alarmed by the warnings pronounced by the critics who foresaw various artistic difficulties, although the fears of these latter have been pretty fully realized. Not only does the quality of the sound reproduced still leave much to be desired, but the whole technique of story-telling has regressed to the level of the commencement-day drama. Most of the dialogue is almost incredibly amateurish, and the technical dexterity painfully acquired over a period of years has been sacrificed to the talkie. Speaking films are more childish even than silent ones, and certain new outrages—notably the "theme song"—have been invented. But the public agrees with the producers. Even the small-town theaters have now been "wired," and numerous questionnaires submitted to movie audiences have revealed that they prefer the new medium. The great mass accepts the new silliness as complacently as it accepted the old, and there is, unfortunately, no good reason to suppose that twenty years will see any improvement more significant than that which has taken place in the silent film during the past twenty years. In spite of all kinds of technical development, there is still not one silent film out of a hundred which "exists" artistically. How can we hope that the talkie will be required to develop in any different way in order to please the same audience?

Meanwhile the legitimate theater—that neurotic entity which has always believed itself about to be destroyed by some competitor or other ever since the days when rope dances and the Italian opera first came to London—is again alarmed. On the one hand it is compelled to compete with the talkie theater for its audience, and on the other hand it must compete with the talkie producer for the artists. Already scores of stars famous on the stage have signed Hollywood contracts, and every week adds new names to the list. Indeed *Variety*, the best informed of all the journals dealing with the amusement business, predicts that many of the legitimate producers will find themselves hard pressed next year when they come to cast their productions.

According to announcements already made, eleven of the regular New York theaters will be playing talking pictures by May 7 and three of the largest legitimate producers —Sam H. Harris, William A. Brady, and the Shuberts—have formed a talking-picture producing organization scheduled to turn out twenty-six pictures next season. Nor is there any wonder that the business men of the theater should turn in that direction, for while many a Broadway play manages to scrape along on weekly gross receipts of not more than $7,000 or $8,000, "Close Harmony" is drawing $57,000 in Chicago, "The Wolf Song" $34,000 in Philadelphia, and "Broadway Melody" $30,000 in Kansas City.

So much for the dark side of the picture, but there is another, for though it is quite possible that within the next three or four years we will see a half or two-thirds of the New York theaters given over to talkies that would not necessarily mean that the drama as an art had met with any great calamity. Half or two-thirds of the New York theaters are generally occupied with entertainments which are not dramatic art, whatever else they may be, and it makes no great difference whether they play "shows" or talking pictures. The latter may compel the theater to confine itself to those things with which Hollywood and celluloid cannot compete, and perhaps that would be just as well.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IN the estimation of most Americans, Calvin Coolidge was not a man of extraordinary intellect and yet it must be admitted that his administrations were successful. He had a canniness about his own limitations and only rarely did the little New Englander commit himself to dogma difficult of proof. Herbert Hoover has not been in the box sufficiently long to make an estimate of his capacity either fair or easy, but it is already obvious that the man does not suffer from modesty.

For instance, a luncheon of the Associated Press was a bad place for the President of the United States to get up and display a gross ignorance of journalism, criminology, and law. It is disturbing to find that the Chief Magistrate of our land is a man almost wholly befuddled about the subject of law and its nature. There has been a reaction against excessive legalism in American government. Lawyers constitute an enormous proportion of both the House and Senate. Most of our recent Presidents were trained for the bar even if they did not happen to be practicing attorneys. Probably there was rejoicing when this tradition was broken.

Mr. Hoover was supposed to bring us great skill in engineering and in business administration. And perhaps he has. It is not essential that the President of the United States should be expert in the intricacies of law but at least he should have some conception of what it is all about. He ought to possess at least such rudiments as can be learned in fifteen minutes from any competent teacher. At the Waldorf luncheon Mr. Hoover might happily have omitted his speech and listened for that space of time to John W. Davis who sat not more than five feet from him at the speakers' table.

"Whatever the value of any law may be," said Mr. Hoover, "the enforcement of that law written in plain terms upon the statute books is not in my mind a debatable question."

That might be true if the major premise were in any sense correct, but it is in fact an ignorant man's conception of the law. Mr. Hoover seems to think of law as nothing more than little words set down one after another in some great book. Seemingly he has no conception of the part which precedent, interpretation, and the action of the jury may play in fashioning and refining a law. And there is no indication in his speech that he has ever heard of common law.

"Law," he continued, "should be observed and must be enforced until it is repealed by the proper processes of our democracy."

But what are the proper processes of our democracy? In Mr. Hoover's mind, as disclosed in this and other speeches, the only remedy from a legislative act is a repealing act by that same legislative body. Mr. Bryan and Colonel Roosevelt were at times fiercely attacked by conservatives as enemies of our judicial system. Yet Mr. Hoover would degrade the courts to a lower estate than they have ever known in this country. The word "nullification" has been tossed about so freely within the last year or so that the great bulk of public opinion seems to forget that it is a time-honored part of our democratic processes.

It is not true that every law written in plain terms upon a statute book must be enforced. I refrain from making the plain common-sense retort that this is neither possible nor desirable. Anybody who has the slightest smattering of law knows the vast amount of lunatic legislation still in existence in every community. But beyond this there is the factor of judicial nullification. I am not speaking of the Supreme Court, which has gradually taken over to itself the right of legislative veto. Surely it is debatable as to whether the founders of our government ever intended the highest court to have this right. But precedent is surely sufficient to establish this activity.

But even a lower court may draw all the teeth from a legislative act and make it impotent. Specifically there is the subject of birth control in the State of New York. Regularly the legislature refuses even to report a bill making it legal for doctors to give contraceptive information at their discretion to a patient who is married. But does that mean that this may not be done and legally done? Not at all. Margaret Sanger upon appeal was sentenced to prison some years ago because she gave contraceptive information, but in passing sentence Justice Crane said in his opinion that she was liable to punishment because she was a registered nurse and not a doctor. He went on to state that a physician clearly had the right to give such information if it were given to prevent sickness, and for "sickness" he relied upon the definition furnished in Webster's dictionary.

This was a big step forward for the birth-control people. The courts had said "yes" even though it was obviously the desire of the legislature to say "no." There remains, of course, the handicap that the physician is not apparently empowered to give contraceptive information in cases where the deterring factor seems to be economic rather than medical. Does that mean that the advocates of birth control must stand by and refuse information to all organically healthy people even though their poverty puts them in dire need of such counsel? Fortunately it does not. After all our conception of the word "sickness" grows wider. Let us take up a supposititious but wholly possible case. A physician is haled to court on the charge that he gave contraceptive information to a married woman and he is challenged as to his reasons for giving this information. The doctor admits calmly enough that his patient did not suffer from cardiac, tubercular, or any of the accepted conditions which make motherhood seem medically extra hazardous.

"But," says the doctor, "my patient was a poor woman whose work was necessary for the maintenance of her home. In my judgment if she lost her job on account of pregnancy a serious nervous condition would arise. Consequently I gave her the information which she desired."

It will then be up to the court to act upon the earlier precedent and to decide whether a nervous breakdown may properly be classified as "sickness." And if the decision is sufficiently liberal it may be entirely unnecessary to ask the legislature for any enabling act. Law at its best is a much more sensitive and fluid thing than Mr. Hoover imagines and if he simply will not seek information from a lawyer let him consult a cat-killer.

—HEYWOOD BROUN

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Sex and the Law

By DUDLEY NICHOLS

TWO well-known women who were social workers years ago together, but who fell apart through differences of temperament and tactics—Margaret Sanger being a militant while Mary Ware Dennett was more conservative in her views—came together last week in New York under ironical circumstances, came together at least in the public prints and the New York courts. For on successive days Mrs. Dennett, the conservative, was convicted of sexological heresy by a federal jury over in Brooklyn, while Mrs. Sanger, the militant, sat in a Manhattan police court and heard eminent volunteers from the medical profession so smash the charges against her birth-control clinic that it appears improbable that the magistrate will hold the case for trial.

Mrs. Sanger's clinic had been overtly functioning for more than six years and Mrs. Dennett's sex primer had been circulating by thousands for over ten, championed generally by practitioners of the most pious professions. The coincidence of the two prosecutions suggested a common instigator, yet in the light of what the trials have evinced it seems this is not so. So far the instigator of the raid on Mrs. Sanger's clinic has been kept in the dark by the Police Commissioner of New York, but it was a chapter of the D. A. R. which filed the complaint against Mrs. Dennett's educational tract, "The Sex Side of Life," composed fourteen years ago for her two young sons.

Now if we know the instigator of the raid against Mary Ware Dennett's sex primer, we can at least guess at the instigator of the birth-control raid. Policewoman Anna K. McNamara baited her trap at the birth-control clinic just eleven days after the defeat of the Remer Birth Control Bill in the New York Legislature. That bill had been violently opposed by certain ecclesiastics. After their victory in Albany it is a fair inference, at any rate, that some of them moved on to New York to continue the fight.

If Mrs. Sanger is about to win that fight herself, after much indignity and abuse from upholders of the law, it is simply by reason of the embroilment of the medical profession. The doctors were disturbed by the mental picture of Policewoman McNamara standing in the birth-control clinic shouting, "This is *my* party!" while three professional nurses and two licensed physicians were being loaded into a paddy-wagon and detectives were helping themselves to confidential case histories and records they could not understand and which from time immemorial had been regarded as inviolable.

Back in 1916 Mrs. Sanger was not so fortunate. There were no doctors with her then and it was she herself who was piled into the Black Maria and hustled off to jail for a month. But the decision of Judge Crane in denying her appeal held the germ of the present emancipation, for the jurist set down as an *obiter dictum* that although the Mrs. Sangers had their hands tied and mouths sealed by law, yet a licensed physician could legally prescribe contraception *for the avoidance of disease in a patient*. And in the subsequent conviction of a nurse, Judge Cropsey nourished the germ by adding *preservation of health* to the exception.

With these decisions spread on the record the way was cleared for Mrs. Sanger's immense labors of fund-gathering and organization which have established the clinic and made in the past six years a notable record of "public health work." That quotation is not from Mrs. Sanger but from Dr. Louis I. Harris who as Health Commissioner of New York investigated the clinic and gave it a perfect bill of health.

But in spite of the ground gained since 1916, the clinic was not immune from attack—as the raid proved. The authorities were not yet awake to the fact that they had stepped on the toes of the medical profession. So five women were unceremoniously jailed in the smelly cells above Jefferson Market Court. At the opening hearing the magistrate was incredibly late and then after hearing one witness, the policewoman, he put the hearing over to the next week. The authorities must have had chills and ague next day when they read the aroused press. How times had changed! This was not 1916. The Women's City Club gave the magistrate a reprimand for being late. The newspapers printed it. The chief magistrate directed another at the raiders for their supererogation. The newspapers printed it. And at the second hearing in Mulberry Street the magistrate, on time to the second, saw the tide turn completely.

Five unimpeachable New York medical practitioners took the stand in turn and gave, for nothing, expert testimony that would have cost the ordinary customer beyond reckoning. Why, they declared in substance, if the women arrested in the raid were found guilty of lawbreaking, then the whole medical profession could be thrown into jail just as fast as the Police Commissioner could muster enough policewomen to make up as ailing mothers and go for aid to the nearest consulting rooms! They testified that their own practice was identical. Why? There was such a thing as spacing. The interval between confinements should not be too abbreviated or the mother's health and the child's expectancy of life would be endangered. So contraception became essential for preservation of health and avoidance of disease, to use the legal locutions.

The eminent physicians were at one on this point. It was clear that if the raided doctors were to be held for trial, then logically these expert witnesses must be arrested too. No policeman stepped forward. The young prosecutor was at a loss. Magistrate Abraham Rosenbluth took up the questioning. He searched for sin. Was contraception prescribed only for married women? It was. How did Dr. Harris know when he investigated the clinic that all the women treated were married? By the records, responded Dr. Harris.

"But," inquired the magistrate, "weren't any steps taken to check up and find out whether patients were telling the truth about this?"

"Just a minute, doctor," broke in Defense Counsel Morris L. Ernst with a glimmer in his eye. "Do you know of any situation in medicine where the physician sends out detectives to investigate his patients?"

Before Dr. Harris could answer no, his colleagues in a group nearby, among them the presidents of the Academy of

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Medicine and the County Medical Association, tickled by the idea of demanding marriage licenses from their patients, broke into uncontainable laughter and instantly the two hundred clubwomen, clergymen, and others who had crammed the small room burst out contagiously.

A roar went up as sudden as white smoke from a photographer's flash and the magistrate rapped in vain. Red-faced with anger, Rosenbluth ordered the courtroom cleared and those unfortunates who had a sense of the ridiculous and whose laughter had mercilessly reverberated back upon this search for sin were hustled out. The doctors inside the railing were not molested, and after half an hour during which they petitioned the chief magistrate for their rights, even the women were allowed to file back, two by two, like animals into this medieval ark.

On the following day the threat of future raids was spiked by the Academy of Medicine when a special committee headed by Dr. Linsly R. Williams, director of the Academy, reported that "unless adequate steps are taken to prevent similar conditions arising in the future, there exists a definite threat against the public good and a serious menace to the rights and privileges of the medical profession, as granted by law." The committee also found "an unwarranted interference with the freedom of physicians engaged in the lawful practice of medicine" and "the violation of the privileged character of all records pertaining to the relation of a physician and his patients."

But if the belated raid on the militant Mrs. Sanger appears to have been abortive and will perhaps teach the authorities to keep hands off this phase of adult "public health work," the more belated raid on the conservative Mrs. Dennett across the river in Brooklyn by a government which was urged on by the D. A. R. has turned out differently. The Dennett prosecution has succeeded beyond the wildest dream of the heresy-hunter.

Readers of *The Nation* are possibly familiar with the issues involved in the Dennett case, recalling that preliminary duel between Morris L. Ernst and Assistant United States Attorney James E. Wilkinson reported in these pages by the present writer. The flaming archangelic personality of Mr. Wilkinson is unforgettable, even when filtered through cold print. At the trial his summation in defense of the morals of childhood was nothing short of a masterpiece.

"No matter what your morals and mine may be," he said to the twelve middle-aged fathers in the jury box, "or what they may have been on our way through life, the young is a sacred trust, gentlemen.

"She says she wrote this for her children. Well, all right. But when she raises her kitchen window and says to your children and my children, 'Come on over!' then it's time for us to do our duty. It may be true that to the pure all things are pure, and that we have to go down to the gutter for our information, but this woman is trying to drag us down into the sewer."

"Sewerage!" he cried, waving the blue pamphlet aloft. "Sewerage, gentlemen!"

Morris L. Ernst, the man-at-arms in both these medieval contests, put up a brilliant fight. He fought on the double grounds of law and common sense. His only weapon was light as Mr. Wilkinson's was darkness. And yet he lost the day. Late in the afternoon the jurors filed out and cast their first ballot eight to four for conviction. The second brought nine votes against Mrs. Dennett. On the third she lost still another vote. Then a court attendant entered the jury room, the story goes, and warned the twelve men that it was after five o'clock and that if no decision was reached soon they would be held over some time for a "court supper." The two jurors who had held out immediately fell in line and on the fourth ballot voted with the other ten for conviction.

Then the twelve men trailed back into the courtroom. The foreman, a traveling salesman who never had heard in a Pullman smoker any such story of sex as had been read to him that day from the Dennett pamphlet, stood up and pronounced the one word, "Guilty!" and everybody was free to go home for supper, except Mary Ware Dennett, toward whom the United States Marshal moved. She was, however, paroled in custody of Mr. Ernst pending her return before Judge Warren B. Burrows for sentencing.

It is of no avail to vituperate the dozen citizens who composed the jury. They were honest men. They did their duty as they saw it. Neither does it gain one anything to point at Mr. Wilkinson. He learned his fundamentalism in Georgia where he was born. You may not admire his plea to the jury that he was simply an officer doing his duty, that it didn't matter whether he won or lost; it "wouldn't add a cent to my pay-check or a cubit to my stature." Mr. Wilkinson was, of course, serving for a salary, and he might learn an inward grace from Mr. Ernst who was serving for none but who refrained from telling this to the jury.

And suppose you hold responsible the visiting New England jurist who sat in the case? At least one of the jurors, John Cowan, was quoted as saying later: "Judge Burrows didn't leave us much of anything to do but convict Mrs. Dennett." And the judge himself said during subsequent argument that the jury had done the right thing.

There is no easy solution. Here is a federal jury system which in successive weeks in New York acquitted Miss Texas Guinan of educating adults with bootleg gin in a night club and convicted Mrs. Dennett of educating minors with sex truths in the mails. If Miss Guinan had "her girls" in court, Mrs. Dennett had just as good an Exhibit A in "her sons." The sex primer was written for Carlton and Devon Dennett when they were eleven and fourteen years old. Now they are twenty-four and twenty-eight, both married and fathers of children, both fine, healthy-looking young men, Carlton a Haverford College graduate now employed by the General Electric Company and Devon inheriting the craftsmanship which in his mother takes the form of creating richly colored and beautifully tooled leather wall decorations and panels.

The jury's verdict for Mrs. Dennett has two explanations. First the fundamental principle of the jury system was negatived, since history shows that the very idea of achieving justice through trial by jury rested upon the fact that the dozen men were drawn from the vicinage. Men from the vicinage were supposed to know all the facts of a quarrel. And if our vicinage has grown today to a city of 6,000,000, or a country of 120,000,000, then if the jury principle is not to be vitiated every effort must be made to put the twelve men in possession of all the facts.

This was not done in the Dennett trial. The prosecutor weeded out talesmen who were literate. They were

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asked whether they had read anything by Havelock Ellis or H. L. Mencken—and what literate American has not? The facts of the immense distribution of the sex primer for ten years by Y. M. C. A.'s, churches, the Union Theological Seminary, clerics and educators and social workers were not allowed in evidence. The jury was allowed to hear no expert opinion from doctors and educators on the "obscenity" of the pamphlet. Even the testimonials from Havelock Ellis and other authorities which were put in evidence by the prosecutor were disallowed to the jury by the court.

The other explanation goes to a deeper root—mankind's universal sex fears. The Dennett pamphlet strikes at those fears at a period when they are vincible, in childhood. They spring from ignorance. The condemnation in this verdict was simply the disease condemning its medicament. Fear is more easily aroused than courage. Men, who can stand life but who fear enormously to face where it begins and ends, fence those terminals up to the skies, and the moralists realize that the highest fence is fear. They want the bogies kept alive in the terrible darkness where children live. . . . And the gulf between Mrs. Dennett and her persecutors is simply the eternal gulf between those who love and those who fear.

One-Hundred Per Cent Americans on Strike

By PAUL BLANSHARD

Greenville, South Carolina, April 25

"NO, we don't want no organizers from outside or I. W.'s We understand these here I. W.'s were born in Russia. We're doin' this ourselves. We just went to the boss and told 'im we couldn't stand it any longer and he didn't do anythin' about it an we come out."

So runs the declaration of independence of the leaderless strikes in South Carolina's cotton mills. Fifteen of these strikes have taken place in this Piedmont area in three weeks in protest against the stretch-out system—and not one has yet been lost. The words that I have quoted are those of a striker in the Poinsett mill of the Brandon Corporation near Greenville, where the third great revolt of Southern textile workers is now centered.

The other two revolts are more spectacular but not more significant. At Elizabethton, Tennessee, and Gastonia, North Carolina, the kidnapping of union organizers, the militia, and the night raids have attracted national attention. My last article on the Communist fight in Gastonia was not on the news-stands before the anti-red hysteria there bore fruit in a raid upon the headquarters of the National Textile Workers Union by men in white masks who demolished the union's office and relief store. At Elizabethton, 5,000 strikers of the great rayon plants struck for the second time in three weeks in order to compel the employers to stop discrimination against union leaders who represented the workers in the United Textile Workers, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Here in South Carolina no one is being kidnapped or killed, but there is going on the strangest struggle that ever took place in an American factory.

These 100 per cent Americans of South Carolina are determined to fight their own battle in their own way. They will have nothing to do with the Communist leaders of the strikes in North Carolina or with any other labor organizers. Speaking of two Northern labor leaders who visited them recently they told me:

"Two folks come down here from that bunch an' we just told 'em how much we appreciated their good feelin', an' gave 'em a drink of Coca Cola, an' put 'em on the street car."

These South Carolina strike meetings are opened with prayer. For three weeks the strikers have fought without a single call upon a policeman or sheriff to quell any kind of disorder. Says Sheriff Cliff Bramlet of Greenville: "They [the strikers] have forbidden any bootleggers or liquor dealers of any kind to enter or practice their trade in their midst. They have put down drunkenness, and they have established guard systems to protect the mill's property." Many of them, when the strikes began, shook hands with their superintendents and managers as they filed out of the mills to "make certain that there was no hard feelin's." Although they average about $12 a week in wages, they have asked for no increase in pay or reduction in working hours. "We don't ask for ham and eggs," said one of them, "but only fat-back and flour." They have fat-back and flour already. Their one demand is the abolition of the stretch-out system.

* * * * *

What is this stretch-out system? In Lexington, North Carolina, where two strikes are in progress, I asked that question of the weavers who make the cloth for B. V. D.'s. The first thing that I discovered was that the man who weaves the cloth for a B. V. D. union suit receives one-half cent for his part in making a garment which sells at the stores for $1 and $1.50. That was startling enough, but the crudeness of methods used by "efficiency experts" in speeding up Southern mill workers is more startling. About one month ago, according to the weavers, the plant which makes the cloth for B. V. D.'s compelled every weaver who had been running twenty-four looms to operate seventy-two. Some assistants were added to the force in the weave room but of the nineteen weavers only six were left after the stretch-out system had been installed. They received a raise of one dollar a week for operating the extra looms. Previously they had averaged about 135 cuts of cloth in two weeks at 27 cents a cut; now they are compelled to make cuts for 11 cents each. This without any new machinery or other pretext for changing the work-habits of the plant. Their wages are now about $19 to $20 a week—and they are the aristocracy of the cotton-mill workers. Nominally they have the fifty-five-hour week, which is shorter than the

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working week of their brothers in Elizabethton and Gastonia, but in practice they work twenty minutes before the official starting time in the morning and thirty minutes of the "hour" assigned for lunch. These practices are possible because there is no penalty in North Carolina for violating the laws concerning working hours.

The 400 workers who are on strike against the stretch-out system in Lexington walk about nervously in their dingy little mill villages with no money to go anywhere and no supplies for relief. Their narrow houses are built on a box-car pattern but not painted as well as most box cars. Behind every sixth house is a spigot which supplies water for the neighborhood. The mill villages are far removed from the parts of the town where the "best people" live, and the rest of the community seems hardly aware that a mill rebellion has taken place. A revival is going on in the town, and the leading soda fountain has a sign displayed upon it: "Closed During Church Hours."

* * * * *

South Carolina is the State which has no divorce, no workmen's compensation law, and no compulsory education. Its mill village children pour into the mills at fourteen—and stay there. I saw the pay envelope of one woman in the Poinsett mill here who received $3.50 for 47 hours of labor. Weavers in that mill were averaging about $14 a week before the strike by starting work at 6:30 in the morning (one half-hour before the official opening) and by running the machines through the noon hour, with a stagger plan for lunch. "They lifted us to forty-eight looms at first," said one weaver, "then they shoved it to ninety-six. When they saw we couldn't make it, they dropped us back to eighty, but they kept the same pay for each pound that they had when we were running ninety-six, and it cut our pay three or four dollars a week."

South Carolina opinion is overwhelmingly with the strikers in their fight against the stretch-out system. Many of the "old line" mill owners are bitter against the newer executives for attempting it, and at least one great mill has called its people together and allowed them to veto the stretch-out system by popular vote. Of the fifteen strikes against the system in this region in three weeks all but four have been won, and the leaderless strikers have returned with flying colors. The truth is that not one of these strikes could have been won if conventional strike tactics and union organizers had been used. The presence of an outside labor leader would have challenged that philosophy of class paternalism which is the corner-stone of South Carolina life. For the time being the weakness of these leaderless strikers is their strength.

South Carolina also has Cole Blease, and he is chiefly responsible for a political miracle which has made many a Northern visitor rub his eyes. South Carolina runs its cotton mills only fifty-five hours a week while all around it North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama mills are permitted to work sixty hours. The explanation is Cole Blease. This erratic gentleman bases his political strength on the votes of the mill workers and the "farm rabble." His machine at Columbia was not only largely responsible for putting through a fifty-five-hour law for cotton mills but it mustered a considerable vote for the forty-eight-hour week at the last session of the legislature. The Blease influence is evident in the recent declaration of a committee of the South Carolina Legislature: "We find that the whole trouble in the textile area where strikes have occurred has been brought about by putting more work upon the employees than they can do."

* * * * *

These leaderless strikers are paying for the sins of a badly organized industry. Year after year the mills keep on making too many sheets and too many bolts of gingham for the good of the industry, but the employers are too jealous of each other to stop the practice. Probably three-fourths of the employers would be glad to see the abolition of the night shift and the introduction of the fifty-five-hour week in order to prevent overproduction, but they are waiting for some outside force to compel joint action. Meanwhile, they are not making much money—officially. In practice they can take almost any amount of concealed profits in the form of salaries. Through devious manipulations the family circles of many mill owners are enriched at the expense of the small stockholders. In Gastonia, for example, I have learned on good authority that the workers are paid $15 to $17 a week, the small stockholders receive miserable dividends, and one mill official receives a salary of $75,000, one $60,000, one $40,000, and several $25,000. But nobody can prove anything about the finances of a Southern cotton mill, because stocks are not usually listed and financial transactions are shrouded in the deepest secrecy.

No amount of humanitarian agitation will prevent the southward march of cotton mills or the installation of efficiency systems—these things are implicit in our private competitive system. Here labor is cheaper, hours are longer, and taxes are lower than in the North, and just so long as they continue so, new mill villages will spring up in the Carolinas and New England towns will die. The most that progressives can expect in the near future is the development of forces that will check the worst human abuses of the industry. I have found in this journey through the South many reasons for optimism. A powerful under-current of opinion has set in against low wages and long hours in the mills. Merchants affected by the low purchasing power of the mill hands' wages are demanding a better distribution of the income of the industry. Several of the South's leading newspapers, including the Chattanooga *News,* Josephus Daniel's Raleigh *News and Observer,* and the Greensboro *News,* are sympathetic with the strikers in their fight against the present schedule of wages and hours.

The spear-head of the offensive against present conditions in the mills must be the labor movement. At present it is pitifully weak but gaining in importance. The Communists in Gastonia are the shock troops. They are brave and spectacular shock troops, but it is inconceivable that they will make much headway in the South. To borrow an analogy from the strategy of chess, they are excellent in their opening game, tolerably competent in their middle game, but utterly hopeless in their end game. Using the strike as an instrument of revolutionary change they are not prepared to stay in a mill center after the strike and continue that cooperative relationship with employers which is necessary for successful labor unions in a capitalist hegemony. That peaceful work of collective bargaining will doubtless be left to the American Federation of Labor—if and when it gains a foothold in this region. But it will not gain a foothold if the Communists can help it. They are passionately resolved

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not to play John the Baptist to any A. F. of L. messiah.

At the core of the Southern mill workers' outlook on life are the Sunday school, the Star Spangled Banner, and personal friendship for the boss. The American Federation of Labor is capable of fitting in with these traditions; the Communists are not. The United Textile Workers of the A. F. of L. have a new opportunity in the South if they can muster the energy and money to take advantage of it.

The French Political Situation

By ROBERT DELL

Normandy, April 4

PARLIAMENT has adjourned until May 23, leaving the Government in a stronger position than ever. There seems to be no reason why it should not last until the general election in 1932, or at any rate until 1931, when M. Doumergue's septennate will come to an end and M. Poincaré will no doubt be again elected President of the Republic if, as is generally believed, he so desires. The debate in the Chamber on the bills authorizing the missionary congregations—there was a separate measure for each authorization—has shown how compact and stable the Government majority is. Every amendment was rejected by the normal majority of between sixty and seventy. It is true that the bills have still to be passed by the Senate after the vacation and the Senate is very anti-clerical, but, although there may be less hesitation to vote against the Government if by then the reparations experts have either agreed on a report or finally failed to agree, the chances at present seem to be that the bills will get through the Senate, if only by small majorities. The only thing, so far as one can see, that could weaken the position of the Government would be a decision of the experts unfavorable to French claims.

So long as the Left Center group known as the "Radical Left" continues to support the Government, the latter cannot be defeated, and the support of that group will not be withdrawn unless and until M. Loucheur and M. Briand see their way to an alternative combination. Of that there is little probability. M. Briand's stock is now very low and continues to fall. His lamentable speech in the Chamber on the ratification of the Kellogg Pact made a painful impression on his hearers and suggested that he is no longer in full possession of his powers, and he is now compromised in the eyes of the Left by his action in the matter of the missionary congregations. As M. Poincaré has more than once insisted in the course of the debate, not without a certain malice, it was M. Briand who took the initiative in that matter. Indeed, as M. Briand tacitly admitted when he was challenged on the subject, the proposal to authorize the congregations in question was the outcome of a deal with the Vatican, the consideration for it being the condemnation of the *Action Française* and the discouragement by the Vatican and the Bishop of Strasbourg of the Alsatian Home Rule movement. The bargain was struck between M. Briand and Cardinal Cerretti not long before the latter left the Paris Nunciature on his elevation to the Sacred College.

A Socialist deputy, by the way, actually complained that M. Briand had not obtained from the Vatican the formal condemnation of the home-rule movement—a strange complaint on the part of an anti-clerical. As M. Briand said in reply, there are limits to the action of the Vatican in political matters—limits imposed both by principle and by expediency. There must be some theological ground for a formal condemnation. The *Action Française* was condemned for the heresy of "political modernism," defined by Pius X in his Encyclical "Pascendi," that is, the doctrine that Catholics are not bound to obey their ecclesiastical authorities in political matters, but the Alsatian Catholic Home Rulers, although in practice they have disregarded the instructions of the Bishop of Strasbourg, have never taught that heresy and it would be difficult to say that the home-rule movement in itself is inconsistent with Catholic moral theology. Besides, the condemnation of the movement would hardly be expedient from the point of view of the Vatican. The condemnation of the *Action Française* has not been received with general submission, even among the clergy, and it is significant that the Pope has not yet ventured to pronounce sentence of the greater excommunication on the Royalist leaders, although they are openly flouting his authority.

This question of the missionary congregations is not solved, and will not be even if and when the Senate has agreed to the authorizations. A Catholic deputy, M. Groussau, said in the Chamber that Catholics regarded the authorizations as the first step toward the repeal of the laws of 1901 and 1904 concerning the religious orders. It was an unwise thing to say, for, if Catholics hope for their *revanche,* they would do well to remember Gambetta's advice about the other *revanche;* but, whether they speak of it or not, their hope is likely to be disappointed. Seeing that the laws in question are not at present applied and the unauthorized religious orders are back in France doing what they like and even running schools by transparent subterfuges, it would have been wiser to let sleeping dogs lie. It was a mistake, in my opinion, from the Catholic point of view to raise the question at all by asking for these authorizations. Had the question not been raised, the anti-clerical dogs would have gone on sleeping, whereas now there is going to be an active campaign for the strict enforcement of the law, as was plainly indicated in the debate, and anybody with a knowledge of France will give odds on its success.

In itself the authorization of these particular congregations is not an important matter. Many other religious congregations were authorized from the first and it is difficult to oppose an application for permission to comply with the law when certain other religious orders are defying the law with impunity. Even the Radicals felt this and agreed to vote for the authorizations on condition that their amendments to the bills were accepted. It was only when all the amendments had been rejected that they voted against the adoption of the measures. Two of the amendments dealt with points of great importance. Instead of merely authorizing novitiates, the bills authorize what are called "maisons de formation," in plain language, schools for children des-

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tined to become novices. In the original drafts of the bills children were allowed to be taken into these schools from the age of fourteen, but the committee of the Chamber altered the age to sixteen and the Government accepted this amendment. The Radicals and Socialists unsuccessfully proposed to substitute "novitiates" for "maisons de formation" and to raise the age of admission to eighteen, in accordance with the Association Law of 1901. On these two points the bills passed by the Chamber plainly depart from the provisions of the laws of 1901 and 1904, the latter of which forbids religious orders to have schools. Apart from that, the Radicals and Socialists had a strong case in protesting against the practice of catching children young and condemning them to a life of perpetual celibacy. The congregations applying for authorization declared that they could not get enough "vocations" unless they were allowed to enrol children of fourteen. It is a significant admission. The Radicals and Socialists were justified in replying that, if religious orders can exist only by such methods, they should not exist at all. There is no doubt that religious orders in France have an increasing difficulty in finding "vocations," but the difficulty is equally great in the case of the secular clergy, in spite of the "petits séminaires" in which boys of fourteen are shut up and advantage is taken of their impressionable age to fabricate "vocations."

So difficult to enlist are the candidates for holy orders in the diocese of Rouen that in this district of Normandy where I have been spending Easter there are cases in which one priest has to serve three parishes and, as the unfortunate men have to say three masses in three different parishes every Sunday and holiday of obligation, the ecclesiastical authorities have been obliged to waive the rule of fasting and allow them to take a certain amount of nourishment between the masses. The experiment was tried of saying mass in the different parishes alternately, but it was found that the people refused to attend mass anywhere but in their own parish church. The truth is that only the system of recruiting children enables the supply of secular priests and religious "vocations" in France to be kept up at all and, as it is, it is steadily diminishing. In these circumstances, it is doubtful whether the authorization of missionary "maisons de formation" will prove to be to the interest of the French church itself. In any case it is not the business of the state to bolster up decaying institutions at the expense of children. This question will probably play an important part in the campaign against the religious orders, which seems now to be inevitable. One of the young Radical deputies, M. Cot, has recently suggested that the methods of the existing laws, which, like all previous laws concerning the religious orders, have proved inoperative, need to be modified and that inspection and control should be substituted for authorization.

The forthcoming municipal elections will give some indication of the political feeling in the country, for, as the municipal councils have a preponderating voice in the election of the Senate, municipal elections in France are fought on party lines. Local questions, however, are naturally a more important factor than in parliamentary elections and the polls in municipal elections are usually much lighter. I still think as I thought in November that the prospects of the Left are bright if only the Radicals will be content to remain in Opposition, if necessary for the next three years. Unfortunately, some of them, represented in the press by the *Volonté,* still hanker after what is called "Republican concentration," which means another of those heterogeneous coalitions that have done so much harm in France.

Their only safe policy is a coalition with the Socialists, which is now possible. In the existing Chamber no Government of the Left is possible. The only possible stable majority is the present coalition of the Center and the Right. Should the present Government be defeated, the right course for the Radicals and Socialists would be to form a government and then ask the consent of the Senate to a dissolution of the Chamber. Unfortunately, ever since 1877 there has been an absurd prejudice against a dissolution in any circumstances. It is contrary to "Republican tradition" and any departure from any tradition is almost unthinkable in France, but a leader with the necessary courage might overcome the prejudice. After all it should be possible to explain to the French people that there is nothing anti-democratic in an appeal to the country.

As regards foreign policy one can only repeat once more that French foreign policy will change when there is a British Government that is not subservient to the Quai d'Orsay and has the courage to have a policy of its own. I have recently asked some of the sincere supporters here of a policy of international peace and reconciliation what, in their opinion, would be the effect in France of open opposition to French policy on the part of a British Government, and they have all replied that the effect would be excellent and that it is, indeed, the only hope. The death of Marshal Foch may have some influence on the situation, for he was strongly opposed to the Locarno policy and all that it implied, and not long before his death he published in the *Revue de Paris* an anonymous article directed against the evacuation of the Rhineland.

In the Driftway

THE Stephenson *Journal* of Menominee County, Michigan, printed a paragraph some weeks ago about the killing of a wolf by a local resident. The item was rewritten, with some adornment, by the Menominee *Herald-Leader* and later appeared, with much more embellishment, in the Chicago *Tribune*. The *Journal* followed the wanderings of its little waif and eventually reproduced all three items together under the caption "How the Story Grew," which has been kindly sent in by J. B. Mason of the *Building Age and National Builder*. The Drifter reprints it herewith just as it appeared in the *Journal:*

HOW THE STORY GREW

(*Stephenson Journal*)

CAPTURED TIMBER WOLF

We all know the speed of a wolf, however that did not count when Auti Hakarinen got his skiis and gave chase over thirteen mile trail that ended on a side hill where the skii rider succeeded in overtaking his victim that he soon finished to cash value in downing a large timber wolf.

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(*Menominee Herald Leader*)

DAGGET MAN ON SKIS,
RUNS DOWN WOLF

Auti Hakarinen of Daggett collected bounty on a big timber wolf this week which he ran down on skiis and beat senseless with a club. He chased the wolf for miles, the finish being on the side of a long hill down which the skidor swooped upon his prey.

(*Chicago Daily Tribune*)

CHOKES A WOLF TO DEATH
WITH HIS BARE HANDS

Menominee, Mich., Feb. 23 (Special) Autti Hakariner of Daggett, Mich., collected $15 bounty today on a big timber wolf which he had choked to death with his bare hands.

Hakariner was skiing when he saw the wolf and gave chase down a long hill. Almost before he knew it, he had swooped down upon his prey. He struck the wolf broadside.

When Hakariner recovered from the mixup he found the wolf laid out gasping for breath. As his skiis had gotten away and slid to the bottom of the hill and as there was nothing available he could use as a club Hakariner proceeded to choke the wolf with his hands.

* * * * *

MR. MASON says he received the clipping from a friend in Menominee with this comment: "That lad certainly must have had *some* hands—or did you never try to choke a timber wolf to death with your bare hands before breakfast!" Mr. Mason adds on his own account: "As a rewrite man with the A. P. in Chicago not so many years ago I had a particularly fine opportunity to observe what certain of the "Big City Dailies" do in coloring news. This item isn't *anything*." THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Government Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under the heading What a Woman Farmer Thinks, appearing in *The Nation* of March 13, Winifred Almina Perry presents a distorted picture of the personnel and of several activities of the United States Department of Agriculture. From a background of unfortunate experiences the author of that article represents the department employees as domineering autocrats, describes department statistics as being gathered in haphazard fashion, and, from obviously superficial knowledge, discusses veterinary medical subjects in a grossly inaccurate and misleading manner.

Though it is legitimate for *The Nation* to publish such an article as representing the feelings of a woman farmer, it is desirable also to correct the false impressions which may have been conveyed to large numbers of persons. The article represents the tuberculin test of cattle as being inaccurate and the campaign to suppress tuberculosis among live stock as being conducted in a tyrannical manner by incompetents and as being forced upon overworked, tax-ridden farmers. The facts are briefly, as follows:

To check the steady spread of tuberculosis among cattle, the United States Department of Agriculture, in consultation with State live-stock officials and with representatives of the live-stock industry, formulated plans in 1917 not only to check the spread of the disease but to eradicate it. The average prevalence of the infection among cattle at that time exceeded 4 per cent, and in some localities the disease affected more than 25 per cent of the cattle. Testing has been conducted chiefly on a voluntary basis. The early work dealt principally with individual herds, but later it included the testing of all herds in a community or county, thereby removing the infection from areas of considerable size. The demand for testing has increased each year, and there is normally a waiting list of more than 3,000,000 cattle whose owners want the test.

This systematic cooperative work has resulted in the detection and removal of more than 1,500,000 tuberculous cattle for which the federal government and the States have paid the owners indemnity. The author of *The Nation* article neglected to state that the amount which the owner of the average diseased animal received last year was approximately $87, including indemnity payments and salvage. The testing is conducted by competent, trained, graduate veterinarians, those in federal employ being under civil service. After twelve years of systematic testing, the estimated prevalence of tuberculosis among cattle is now only 2 per cent, or less than half the former figure. In addition, reports of the federal meat-inspection service show a decline of more than 100,000 in the annual total of slaughtered animals found to be tuberculous; more than that, since 1917 the number of beef animals condemned annually as being in advanced stages of the disease has dropped 50 per cent.

During the progress of this campaign public opinion has taken the form of many city ordinances and State laws intended to place further safeguards around milk supplies and also around herds from which the disease has been eradicated. The public demanded protection against cattle owners who refused to have their herds tested, and who by such refusal jeopardized the health of people and live stock in the community. More than 1,500 cities and towns now require the tuberculin test of cattle contributing to the milk supply.

Statements on the ophthalmic test of feeder steers do not agree with known facts concerning tuberculin testing based on results with many thousands of cattle. When cattle are free from tuberculosis—as Miss Perry reports hers were—the test does not have the effect described, nor does it affect the appetite or condition of the animals. Judging from the fragmentary description, it is probable that the steers were inferior as feeders, with some indication that shipping fever was responsible for lack of appetite, vigor, and a hunched-up attitude.

Failure of the writer to refer in her article to specific dates makes it difficult to check her statements as to the Department of Agriculture's analyses of hog-market prospects. She says that as a result of a statement made by the Secretary of Agriculture, predicting that the price of hogs would decline and would remain low for a year or 18 months, "hogs poorly prepared for slaughter were rushed to packing plants and the prices to producers declined 5 cents per hundredweight in two weeks." Such a statement shows lack of knowledge concerning live-stock marketing, since declines of 5 cents per hundredweight are by no means unusual or noteworthy; in fact, hog prices vary as much as 25 cents per hundredweight in a single day. But even if the writer meant $5 per hundredweight instead of 5 cents, the facts do not support such a statement. Hog prices have not declined as much as $5 a hundredweight in any two weeks' period during the last six years.

In justice to the department's careful statistical work, based on the most complete and accurate system for obtaining the information to be found anywhere in the world, I say emphatically that accusations that the figures are gathered in haphazard fashion are unwarranted. Though it is admittedly difficult to forecast conditions and prices likely to prevail in the hog market

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or in any branch of our complex agricultural industry, yet only once in the last five years has the department failed to judge correctly, in its outlook statements, the hog-price trend.

The department makes no claim to infallibility in its outlook statements, nor is any person under obligation to use such reports. Yet it must be obvious to open-minded readers that persons engaged in agriculture should have, as a background for their own best judgment, the benefit of information prepared by trained agricultural economists. It is well, also, for persons who have read what Miss Perry thinks of the Department of Agriculture to know that the department serves the American people not arbitrarily but in a businesslike and democratic manner. Its plans are considered by Congressional committees and must be approved by the Congress before the work goes forward. There are opportunities for all interests to be heard. This applies to each line of work whether it be research, extension, eradication of animal and plant diseases, or the enforcement of regulations which protect the general public against the selfish or wilful acts of a few.

There is abundant evidence available to anyone who cares to see it that the Department of Agriculture is rendering a constructive and helpful service to the country, and that its employees are not persons "who threaten to send us to jail and who would be glad to do so." On the contrary, the workers of the department are zealously endeavoring to improve the conditions under which agriculture and home-making are conducted.

Washington, D. C., March 29 A. F. Woods,
Director of Scientific Work,
United States Department of Agriculture

Vital Liberties

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some weeks ago a group of New York lawyers organized themselves into a public committee for the help and relief of offenders arrested under the so-called Jones Act for selling or transporting liquor in violation of the national prohibition law. The penalties imposed under this act (five years in prison, $10,000 fine) were regarded by these estimable lawyers as excessive and cruel, and they therefore came forward as disinterested champions of distressed citizens oppressed by the tyranny of government.

Years ago, as far back as 1919, a so-called Sedition Act was passed in the State of Pennsylvania. This act was recently declared to be constitutional by a decision of the State Supreme Court affirming the conviction of three members of the Workers' Party who had been prosecuted under the act for distributing Communist literature. In accordance with the provisions of this Sedition Act as thus affirmed by the State Supreme Court, each one of the three offenders has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and $500 fine. Commenting upon this case, the American Civil Liberties Union announces that "the literature they had distributed is allowed to go freely through the mails and is passed unchallenged in practically all other States." The cruel injustice in this latter case is obvious, and yet I do not hear of any committee of lawyers organized in Pennsylvania to help these unhappy members of the Workers' Party, or any others similarly afflicted under the ferocious sedition acts which were passed in many States in the period of hysteria following the Great War. On the contrary, nothing is more appalling than the complete complaisance of the legal profession in the face of such enormities of persecution.

It is this sort of thing that makes some of us sick and tired of all the clamorous protest that is now heard against the iniquities of the prohibition law. Liberty is a great issue, and I have done what I could to protect and vindicate it in this country, but I cannot get excited over this business of the liberty to drink, when liberties of really central importance to the life of a free people and the integrity of a free republic are being outraged and violated on every hand without protest of any kind.

New York, April 15 John Haynes Holmes

We Blush

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a paragraph on the censorship wave in *The Nation* of April 3 you say: "In St. Louis, students at the University of Missouri are disturbed over the dismissal of two members of the faculty of psychology and a student instructor for their circulation of a sex questionnaire among the men and women students." The University of Missouri is located, not in St. Louis, but in Columbia, a city some hundred and fifty miles away. The professors dismissed were not both members of the faculty of psychology: one was from that department, and one from the department of sociology.

Columbia, Missouri, April 3 Dorris Richards Morrow

A Doctor's Defense

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, Frederic Babcock, has painted a colorful, sympathetic picture of the expulsion of Dr. Louis E. Schmidt from the Chicago Medical Society. He has no doubt gained the sympathy of his readers for the "old humanitarian and philanthropic physician." He has also succeeded in impressing his readers with a loss of ethical standards on the part of doctors and with the great financial benefits the doctors are reaping. It is true that there are some doctors who have large incomes, but they are few in proportion to the great mass of doctors who are just making a living.

You are no doubt well aware of the many years required for a medical training. The average physician upon leaving the hospital faces a long, continuous struggle until he has been out in practice between five and ten years. During all these years he is attending clinics, receiving no pay, but adding more to his store of medical knowledge for the benefit of the public. Meanwhile his own income remains at a standstill. Yesterday I spent four hours in two hospitals, two hours in travel, in all six hours for which I received *not a penny*. For the remainder of the day I treated three private patients who gave me an income of $9 for the day.

The individual doctor has no grievance against any charitable organizations except where such organizations advertise unfairly and by so doing draw such tremendous numbers of patients that they gradually undermine the very existence of the private doctor. Instead of finding only the poor and needy at clinics we find great numbers of people well able to afford a private physician. Whenever the problem of medical fees is discussed, the doctor comes in for the most severe criticism and abuse. He is painted as less ethical than mercenary and as forgetting all the noble precepts of his profession. Yet he is still continuing to give his services gratis to the thousands of free, reputable clinics through the hospital, a service which no other profession or business renders. It is true that the motives inspiring Dr. Schmidt and the other philanthropic benefactors of mankind are most praiseworthy. These already prosperous lay benefactors are spending their money for good purposes, and they are interested in that great middle class who need and are unable to meet high medical costs. In their great zeal, however, they overlook the average doctor who incidentally belongs to that great middle class.

New York, April 20 Dr. L. G. B.

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Books and Music

Vineyard

By RUTH LECHLITNER

Row upon row
Vines pattern the brown earth.

Under wine-dark leaves
Blue fruit hangs ripe,
Cloudy with silver bloom.

Under sea-green
The white grapes cluster, the cool
Translucent globes of amber,
The honey-filled.

Slowly, this woman lifts
A yellow basket
Shoulder-high with purple.
Her brown hands, her white bare feet
Are stained with crimson.
Her mouth is red. She walks
Into the sun.

And this man sings, *Yvette*
Thou art a round fruit
Ripened in sunlight.
Surely thy breast is sweet
As fruit new-gathered; thy mouth the sweetness of wine
In the lifted cup.
Thine eyes, Yvette, are deep
And clear as the light of little golden moons
Shining in darkness. . . .

Slowly the sun
Reddens the quiet valley.
The harvest will soon be over
The grapes will soon be gathered
And the wine-vats full.

This Week

The Same Old Dragon

REPRESSION is one thing, and those who try to differentiate the forms it takes make a mistake both in logic and human consequences. For repression is no more varied in its nature and purpose than a mythical monster which constantly assumes new shapes, some of them apparently harmless or even beguiling, in order to baffle its enemies, but which remains the same old poison-spitting dragon through it all. It is a curious exercise in historic perspective to think back over the appearances this particular monster has made in the last dozen years and to note how cleverly it has disguised its intentions and shifted its ground. And it is instructive, too, to consider how many persons it has disarmed in one guise, leaving them weak and helpless the next time it turned up.

During the war it appeared as the defender of democracy against pro-Germans and pacifists and journals that printed uncomplimentary remarks about Samuel Gompers. Later the same dragon, now a champion of womanhood and private property, growled at Bolsheviks and people that looked like Bolsheviks; or, dressed up in its wife's old sheets, snapped at Negroes and Catholics and evolutionists and people whose morals it suspected. Just lately to prove its versatility, it has been popping out in various disguises—in the discreet marcelle of the D. A. R., or with a cross on its breast, or swinging a club—but its nature has never varied.

More and more in these days repression adopts the role of the moral censor; and it is on this front that it must be fought. The battle is one that many of our most liberal citizens would be glad enough to dodge. "Do we *have* to talk about obscenity?" they ask sadly. "Can't we fight for political and economic freedom and let sex alone? Really, you know, this isn't our dragon." The answer is as plain as the nose on Mr. Sumner's face. Certainly, there is no escape. Just as repression is one thing, so freedom is also one thing. If anyone thinks he can demand the right to oppose war and then keep silent while Mary Ware Dennett goes to jail for her pamphlet on sex, he will find one day how properly he has been fooled; for he will wake up to discover that he himself has landed in jail—for opposing war. Freedom to teach birth control or the facts of sex, or to publish a novel whose language seems vulgar to police magistrates, or to proclaim the coming revolution, or to express one's faith in Darwin and one's disbelief in God, these must be defended—as they are opposed—together.

The Italian dictatorship, with true Latin logic, knows this philosophic fact. When it begins to exercise its power of repression it represses everything at once. Nor is this a bad thing for the citizen. He is left in no quandary as to what forms of freedom are permissible; he knows that all are considered equally dangerous and indecent. I quote herewith, as they appeared in a recent issue of the New York *Herald Tribune Books,* the new regulations for the censorship of plays in Italy, which illustrate perfectly what seems to me the truth about repression and liberty. Any play shall be prohibited, the law reads—

1. Which seeks to condone vice or crime or is calculated to excite hatred or aversion between different classes of society;

2. Which speaks slightingly, even by implication, of the sacred person of the King, the Sovereign Pontiff, the head of the government, the person of a minister, the institutions of the state, or even the sovereigns or representatives of foreign Powers;

3. Which excites in the common people contempt for the law, which runs counter to the patriotic or religious sentiment of the nation, or which might tend to disturb international relations;

4. Which is calculated to injure the standing or prestige of public authority, of the functionaries or agents of the public police, of the militia, of the state's armed forces, or which meddles with the private life of individuals constitutive of the family;

5. Which makes allusions to scandals that may have excited public interest;

6. Which in any fashion whatsoever, because of particular circumstances of time, place, or persons, may be considered harmful or a public danger.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

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Taming Leviathan

Herman Melville. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

LEWIS MUMFORD has written an extremely interesting biography, but no study of Herman Melville is likely to satisfy all his admirers. His life and his works are strange facts which resist the efforts of his pattern-maker, and he eludes the understanding of his biographers almost as successfully as he seems to have eluded his own. No key quite fits his personality and no interpretation does entire justice to his best work.

The riddle must have an answer, for certainly that leviathan "Moby Dick" does not, for all its apparent unwieldiness, really flounder. Every sensitive reader feels that it moves majestically to some conclusion, and yet how can we describe its motion or say what that conclusion is? Melville's contemporaries were content to think of him simply as "the man who lived among the cannibals" and to dismiss his masterpiece with the observation that it violated the canons of fiction, but their remarks are hardly less pitifully inadequate than those of his most passionate admirers who seem compelled either to rest content with rhapsody or force their hero and his works into some category too small to hold them.

Even Mr. Mumford, for all the sympathetic understanding and the quick intelligence of his writing, has his own Procrustes bed in which the restless bulk of Melville cannot lie comfortably until it has been well trimmed to fit. Passing rather lightly over those traits of character which obviously invite the student of morbid psychology Mr. Mumford attempts to interpret the career of his subject by relating it to the development of American society. Melville, he says, broke through the neat hedges which surrounded New England provincialism, he sought vainly a more inclusive pattern into which his wild adventures could be fit, and he returned home in time to see the comely though limited society from which he had fled swallowed up in the ugly materialism of post-Civil War America. He was primarily a social misfit and his agony was the agony of a man who found his times out of joint.

Now certainly there is some truth in this view, but to make it the pattern of a biography is to assume that Melville was more concerned with the temporary form assumed by a society than there is much evidence for supposing that he was. Certainly it was of the Immensities and the Eternities that he almost invariably wrote. One cannot read his books without realizing that Heaven and Hell concerned him more than Connecticut or New York, and it is just his inability to mention any concrete object without implying an abstraction which constitutes the most strongly marked feature of his manner. He would not be confined to a time or a place. He was impatient of everything except the Absolute, and he was always determined either to soar up to the empyrean or plunge down into the abyss. To scale him down, to say (as Mr. Mumford seems to do) let us read "North-Eastern United States" for "the Universe" and "my generation" for "Eternity," is doubtless to make interpretation much easier, but it is also to tame Leviathan out of all resemblance to his own plunging self.

The most conspicuous virtues of Mr. Mumford's book are a fluent ease and a perpetual ripple of intelligent comment. Its greatest defect is a certain lack of power. Its remarks are always in good taste and it is always gentle—which Melville certainly was not. But it has nowhere the storminess of its subject and while, of course, it need not have, its neat decorum seems somehow to typify all that is unsatisfactory in its treatment of Melville. Mr. Mumford is by nature orderly and pleasant. Tumult so distresses him that he seems always torn between two conflicting impulses, one which bids him describe the murky fury of Melville and another which bids him explain it away. He speaks of Melville's "demon," but it is just this creature which eludes him; he refers, in his Prologue, to the depths of sunless ocean and the blackness of interstellar space from which his hero brought back the tragic sense of life, but it is from just these depths and blacknesses that he prefers to turn away his eyes—perhaps because he is determined to make Melville more truly a part of the Golden Day of New England than he really was. Melville may turn out to be greater than Emerson or Thoreau or Hawthorne for the very reason that he said "yes" to fewer things than they, but it is just this which his biographer cannot quite forgive him. Mr. Mumford understands the harmonies of Melville, but he is distressed by those dissonances which form so conspicuous a part of his music.

No one interested in American literature will want to miss this book, which is full of penetrating comments, but most will be inclined perhaps to distrust Mr. Mumford a little when he rides his hobby too hard, as he most certainly does as he draws toward his conclusion. "The day of Herman Melville's vision," he says, "is now in the beginning. It hangs like a cloud over the horizon at dawn; and as the sun rises, it will become more radiant, and more part of the living day." Here is something which sounds like a comfortable and resonant prophecy, but I do not know whether this day is coming or not. As a matter of fact I have not even the slightest idea what the "day of Herman Melville's vision" is. But I am perfectly sure that the author of "Moby Dick" did not gorgeously invoke all the Immensities and Eternities merely because of some slight imperfections in the mechanism of human society which are going to be pleasantly righted the day after tomorrow. He was after bigger game.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Secretaries of State

The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy. Edited by Samuel Flagg Bemis in collaboration with an Advisory Board composed of J. Franklin Jameson, H. Barrett Learned, and James Brown Scott. Ten volumes. Alfred A. Knopf. $4 a volume.

FROM Robert R. Livingston to Charles Evans Hughes, the United States had forty-four different Secretaries of State. Their records in office are dealt with in ten volumes. The first was published two years ago, and the final one of the series has just appeared. Some of the Secretaries are rescued from obscurity and are discussed at fuller length and with greater sympathy than will be their lot again. Others, who occupied the office at rather critical periods or who, because of their personality, left more than the usual impress on American foreign policy, have probably not had the last word said about them. All of the sketches in these volumes—most are by competent historians—are adequate. Some are more than adequate. Their too favorable verdicts will not be repeated by later non-biographical historians.

The purpose of the series, as President Nicholas Murray Butler explains in a prefatory note, is to "record the history of a great public office in terms of the lives of the men who have successively held it, as well as the history and development of the international policies of the government of the United States in terms of the public acts and expressions of the men who have been successively charged with the statement of them." It was hoped "to bring vividness and light into what might readily become a dry and uninteresting history."

This purpose is realized, however, only for the reader

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who knows how to skip judiciously. Limitations of space have persuaded many of the authors to understress the personalities of the Secretaries, their training for the office that they held, their knowledge of and views on international politics, and to consider almost exclusively the problems with which the government dealt while they headed the Department of State. Forty-six different sketches (Webster and Blaine returned to the office after they had left it, and are redealt with chronologically) make a formidable number. The fact that the reader must go from the account of an important Secretary to that of an unimportant person (who is perhaps treated at too great length) makes his interest flag. Main currents flow into tiny rivulets.

President Butler's hope that these lives of the Secretaries of State will bring a large number of readers "to take a new interest in matters of foreign policy and foreign relationships and to have a new understanding of them," is also doomed to disappointment. This is the case in spite of the fact that the editor has done his work carefully and competently. The hope might be realized, however, if the ten volumes were compressed to one. This would concentrate on the more important Secretaries. It would ignore minor incidents in which they had figured. It would say a great deal about their capacities and their policies. It would be more concerned with interpretations than with the facts. It would pay a great deal of attention to that mysterious thing called influence, which works secretly and which puts hidden links into the chain of events. It would consider not only the influence exerted by Secretaries, but the influence brought to bear on them. The model for such a volume exists. Mr. Algernon Cecil's "British Foreign Secretaries, 1807-1916," published a year or so ago, is a brilliant series of such studies in personality and policy.

In spite of their length, many of these sketches ignore the most fundamental question of all: Who really determines the foreign policy of the United States? Does the man control the event, or the event control the man? Is character as important as circumstance? Why is it that in a changing world, old traditions are frequently maintained unchanged by a succession of statesmen poles apart in political affiliations, in ability, training, mental outlook, and social philosophy? Whence came the ideas which different Secretaries excogitated? Have our foreign policies really had Topsy's genetic processes?

Such questions, of course, are much less important in respect of the State Department than in respect of European Chancelleries. Our freedom from political alliances, our economic self-sufficiency and splendid geographical isolation made it unnecessary for American Secretaries to bother with the indirect moves and delicate negotiations which preoccupied European diplomats. Indeed, it was not essential for American Secretaries to understand such moves. It was not a matter of high importance if on the outbreak of the European War the latest map of the Balkans in our State Department failed to show the territorial changes that had been made at the London Conference. Only occasionally did our interests suffer if our Secretaries were like Lord Dudley, who, the French maintained, was intrusted with the care of foreign affairs "parce que ses affaires lui ont été toujours étrangères."

The fact that the United States is only rarely concerned in diplomatic negotiations of the European kind has dulled the public understanding of one highly important matter. The American State Department is the most autocratic Foreign Office in the world. The American Secretary of State is far less subject to popular control than is a Foreign Secretary under a parliamentary government which permits no more than the slightest measure of Cabinet responsibility. Senatorial ratification of treaties, the power of Congress to declare war and to join in treaties requiring appropriations or legislation, are but the formal trappings that help to distract attention from the fact that the American democracy has little control of its foreign relations. Professor Beard pointed out several years ago that political science has been "too much under bondage to the lawyers." This he said was due "to the nature of our system of government, which places constitutionality above all other earthly considerations in the discussion of public measures." Mr. Beard was writing with particular reference to the fact that constitutional mysteries have been invoked to delay social legislation in the United States. His argument is equally applicable to the control of diplomacy. We have been too much inclined to consider the conduct of American foreign relations in terms of the Constitution, court decisions, and statutes. We have become excited over whether Mr. Wilson could appoint a diplomatic agent without confirmation by the Senate, and have ignored the blank checks that Mr. Wilson had with respect to his policy toward Mexico and the belligerents during the European War. An executive agreement like the Lansing-Ishii pact, or executive action in a restless Latin-American country, is significant not only from the standpoint of the constitutional competence of the President and legal validity without Congressional approval. The most important questions are political. Are such agreements proper in what President Harding called "the only representative popular government that I know of in the world"? Should we permit the President and Secretary of State to have uncontrolled discretion in recognizing new governments, inaugurating and then abandoning "dollar diplomacy," and arrogating to themselves the right of saying whether American bankers should or should not loan money in particular foreign countries? The British Foreign Secretary cannot work in isolation. He is influenced by the permanent officials at the Foreign Office, his fellow Cabinet members, the Prime Minister, the King, and parliamentary and public opinion. How important are the comparable influences on the American State Department? The biographers of the American Secretaries rarely speculate about such matters.

These considerations lose no interest from the fact that with only three or four exceptions American Secretaries of State have all been lawyers. The profession of the law, as Burke once said, quickens and invigorates the understanding, but "is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and liberalize the mind in the same proportions." It is interesting to speculate on whether we have gained or lost by reason of the fact that our Secretaries have been lawyers. Several of their biographers apparently think that there has been a gain. One biographer says that a Secretary's "legal experience gave him the fundamental background of many of the problems presented to him," which is the sheerest nonsense. Another biographer suggests that no public office "has greater need of that appreciation of subtleties and delicate situations which legal training provides." If this be so, it is curious that the greatest British Foreign Secretaries have not been lawyers. Do Castlereagh, Canning, Aberdeen, Salisbury, and MacDonald suffer by comparison with the American lawyers? Problems of international law the British Secretaries had to deal with, but they were not handicapped because they relied on the technicians of the Foreign Office. Indeed, it may be argued that American Secretaries have sometimes erred in attempting to gain as complete a decision as possible for their client, the United States. They have frequently forgotten that politics is a matter of the second best and that mutual adjustment is of its essence. Sometimes—Mr. Hughes is an example—the Secretary has been the attorney not only for the United States, but for his political party. President Wilson once told Ambassador Page that it took him twenty years to recover from his legal training—"from the habit of mind that is bent on making out a case rather than on seeing the large facts of a situation in their proper proportion."

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Mention of the British Secretaries suggests a final observation. Since 1783 the Foreign Office has changed hands forty-four times. Only twenty-nine different persons, however, have held the post. In other words, a dozen British statesmen have been Foreign Secretary two or three times. The American system of government may permit its Secretaries of State to work in unexamined and uncontrolled security, but it at least insures a rapid turnover in the office. The turnover is encouraged by political ambitions. Six of our Secretaries have been President. Thirteen others have been active candidates. The office has been occupied by some of the greatest figures in American history. The list as a whole is remembered far more vividly than the heads of any other department of the Government.

LINDSAY ROGERS

The Son's Revenge

Understanding Women: A Popular Study of the Question from Ancient Times to the Present Day. By K. A. Wieth-Knudsen. Translated by Arthur G. Chater from the Danish. With a Foreword by Ernest Boyd. Elliott Holt. $3.

NEW publishers like to feel their way with translations. The entering wedge in this case is a book by a Danish author, which purports to be a scientific study of women—their physiological and psychological reactions. Dr. Wieth-Knudsen is a professor of economics and law and resides in Norway, a country inhabited largely by white women. This is, in a sense, the source of his affliction. "The farther we go to the east and the south . . .," he says, "the stronger becomes Woman's primitive delight in submitting body and soul to a man, and priding herself on serving him." A sort of nostalgia for the Malayan or Polynesian women animates his writing. But since the author is obliged, as we assume, to remain at Trondjhem College, he strives to relieve his longing by writing a book.

It is not, however, a good basis for a scientific study. Dr. Knudsen is concerned with a thoroughgoing comparison between white men and white women with respect to their various qualities—height, strength, intelligence, character, erotic tendencies. Suffice it to say, the outcome of all these comparisons is that women are decidedly inferior. Their blood is inferior to man's, their shape is inferior to his, and even their emotions fall short of his average. "The view commonly held . . . that women have more sensibility than the male sex is utterly false," says the author; "and I will prove it." But the arguments adduced are far from convincing. Statistics drawn from various fields do not indicate their sources. Obviously Dr. Knudsen cannot be a specialist in all these different branches. His quotations from poets and novelists are an addition to his book but they merely represent concurring points of view and not an objective measurement. His own observations on life are hardly trustworthy, as when he compares the sexes with regard to truthfulness. "While Man only lies," he says, "when the knife is at his throat, . . . Woman . . . will avail herself of falsehood early and late, . . . which goes far to prove that falsehood is a part of her nature. . . . And whereas a man who has resorted to a lie . . . will be made perfectly miserable by its detection, a woman seldom feels any real regret or compunction at being caught out." Allowing for the slight slip on the part of the translator, this may represent the experience—necessarily limited—of the author, but it can hardly be regarded as a universal truth.

At times Dr. Knudsen fears that he will be accused of undue severity. But then he finds himself in the company of such great woman-haters as Schopenhauer and Nietzsche and

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¶ "Wrote Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who originally sentenced Mooney to death, to Governor C. C. Young of California, January 28th, 1928: 'In my opinion Mooney's case is no different from any other man who has been wrongfully and upon perjured testimony convicted of a crime of which subsequent developments absolutely demonstrate his innocence!' "

Above Comments Are Quoted From

SENATOR THOMAS D. SCHALL'S

(Republican Senator from Minnesota)

Brilliant and Courageous Defense of Mooney and Billings in the May Issue of

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lets himself go again. His style would be improved by a little more restraint. The "venomous and low-minded" opposition of women leading to a feminist "St. Bartholomew's Night" is rather too high-flown for the American taste, whatever the Danish critics may think of it. His attacks on the German Vaertings and Mrs. Dummer of Chicago are puerile and irrelevant. "This English champion [meaning Mrs. Dummer] of Women's Rights still clings to the belief that in time Woman . . . will be able to maintain her moral standard without the support of Man. Fortunately there are other women more intelligent. Gina Lombroso. . . ." This is, to say the least, rather gratuitously invidious.

But to take Dr. Knudsen's subject, if not Dr. Knudsen, seriously. In this age of changing standards and profound experiments, especially in the field of marriage, it is possible to help or hinder the young individual. A book which advises young men not to marry but to take mistresses is not only antiquated but also misleading. The Scandinavian Commission on Family Law, anathema to this author, has been industriously sitting for about twenty years in order to revise this part of the civil code. One of its chief innovations is the legal protection of illegitimate children, who are given the same status as children born in wedlock. It has caused as much sensation in Norway as the income-tax law in America, and it is equally well enforced. When Dr. Knudsen advises young men to take mistresses and avoid the responsibilities of marriage, he should warn them at the same time of this important exception. His book in general suffers from his inability or unwillingness to put two and two together.

The volume is dedicated to Dr. Knudsen's father, to whom is also addressed a brief final note. "When is it a virtue to be good-natured?" said the father to the son when they were taking a walk. "Always, isn't it, Father?" answered the boy obediently. "Yes, my boy, I thought so too when I was young," said the disillusioned parent. "But there was a modulation in his tone," adds Dr. Wieth-Knudsen, "which I did not understand and yet—or perhaps for that reason?—never forgot, though we never spoke about it again. . . . But to this incident I owe my comprehension of all these problems . . ." —which is no doubt the reason it is so emotional. A grudge which was passed from father to son culminates at last in "Understanding Women." However triumphant as an act of revenge, it is not a great work nor a scientific study.

KATHARINE ANTHONY

Ten Pioneer Leaders

Pioneers of Freedom. By McAlister Coleman. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

IF you were asked to choose the ten leading American champions of freedom for the common people, to present to young folks, who would they be? With McAlister Coleman you probably would pick Tom Paine and Thomas Jefferson, Wendell Phillips, Henry George, and Eugene Debs. But would you pick Frances Wright, Governor Altgeld, Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and Charles Steinmetz? He did. And would you have left out William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, Susan B. Anthony, Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Robert G. Ingersoll, Booker Washington, or even Bill Haywood?

Mr. Coleman evidently selected his brief biographies to tell the story of struggles significant only to the working class. The prophets and pioneers in other fields are not here. And since the book was written in response to a request by Pioneer Youth, an organization of and for workers' children, the selection is reasonable. I would quarrel only with the inclusion of John Mitchell, who, whatever his early services to labor, became in effect an

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lly of big business and died leaving a quarter of a million n gilt-edged securities. Mr. Coleman, however, uses him only s a vehicle for telling the story of the United Mine Work-rs—which is the best reason for including him at all. I would ıave substituted one of the native suffrage pioneers—Miss Anthony preferably—for the English Utopian Frances Wright, hough her significant work, like Tom Paine's, was done in America. And I would have been willing to trade Steinmetz or Booker Washington, for the Negro's struggle for economic mancipation is not touched. Jefferson is the only man in the ist familiar to the schoolboy reader, but not familiar as Mr. Coleman treats him—as the leader of popular revolt against government by the few.

The book, though intended to appeal to children in gen-ral, is better suited to the later high-school years. I tried t on a bright and not-too-bourgeois youngster of thirteen and got a verdict of "not interested." I tried it on a liberal teacher, who said she could not use it with the average child n his early teens. The style is simple enough to appeal to children but the political and economic concepts are beyond the range of most youngsters' interests. For use in waking up youngsters who are ready for an antidote to the established patriotic hokum about great men in authority, the book is unique.

ROGER BALDWIN

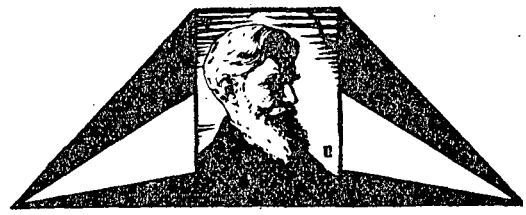
Satire and Romance Meet

Tomorrow Never Comes. By R. L. Duffus. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A Duchess and Her Daughter. By Alfred Bishop Mason. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

THE Yankee invasion of Latin America is not confined to political and economic fields. There is also the matter of fiction. Since O. Henry discovered Honduras the fictional claims of Northern writers have been staked out over a wide territory. The country seems to act as an emotional release for conscientious realists. It is a land of romance where Nordics may rest from the rigors imposed by Mr. Calvin and reinforced by Messrs. Comstock and Volstead. It offers a vacation superior to any advertised by a tourist agency, for it affords a rest from morals, and no chance of having to play bridge with the Joneses. Moreover, so few people know troublesome facts about it. One may safely invent what one has not seen, or one may even mix the ingredients to suit oneself and construct an imaginary Latin nation.

That is what Robert Duffus has done with charming success in "Tomorrow Never Comes." His Santa Eulalia is so real a place that on the darkest night a careful reader could find his way from cathedral to cafe and along to the tiny shop of Domingo the shoemaker. But in spite of that, and of the fact that the dictator is killed in his palace and the populace riots in the plaza on the eve of a revolution, this is a novel neither of place nor of plot. The bloody fights and the scarcely less violent love affairs, the adventures of Rafael with death and his lady, are the framework which Mr. Duffus sets up to hold keen observation, gentle irony, and his own pet set of the glamorous garments of romance. A journalist by profession, he has watched men make wars and fly airplanes, start riots and break strikes. His book bears the flavor of this observation, and of the ironic comment thereby induced in a pleasant, intelligent, and somewhat scholarly mind. The speeches of the Santa Eulalian congress sound strangely familiar to ears attuned to Washington. The two-day revolution is proclaimed in terms that might have ushered in the World War. This, the author says in substance, is the way men always behave, and the only wisdom lies in noting how absurd they are. He



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still believes in love. The book has certain weaknesses inherent in the fact that adventure and philosophy can only be made to jog in double harness by checking back the one or whipping up the other. But it makes up for that by presenting futility in most attractive guise.

Alfred Bishop Mason, who wrote "A Duchess and Her Daughter," spends the first part of his book debating whether or not he, too, will be ironical. Thornton Wilder attracts him, but Mr. Mason is after all a romanticist, and when he gets into his story he grows too earnest to remember the lighter touch. In spite of its jacket's preference for Peru, colonial Venezuela is the book's background, but this real country is somehow less vivid than Mr. Duffus's imaginary one. The plot is much more solid. After a preliminary trifling with seduction and infidelity in the older generation, Mr. Mason tells the love story of a Spanish noblewoman and a Winthrop of Massachusetts. The Inquisition, jealous of a marriage which threatens to take a great name out of the church and a huge fortune out of the country, steps in to burn the heretic Yankee. The situation has such powerful possibilities that one wonders if this is history masquerading as fiction, and if the Winthrop family does boast an ancestor who married a beautiful South American and lost her to the church. Unfortunately Mr. Mason's plot is too great for his skill, and he has not been able to write in a manner adequate to the demands of his material.

MILDRED ADAMS

Form in Fiction

The Structure of the Novel. By Edwin Muir. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

MR. MUIR'S essay is the most interesting contribution thus far to the admirable Hogarth Lectures on Literature series. It is a relief to learn that his concern is with plots, "and not at all with what those plots 'should be,' but simply with what they are." Mr. Muir's, therefore, is an empirical study of the form of the novel, rather than a rationalization of a prejudice, like Percy Lubbock's brilliant "Craft of Fiction."

The most valuable distinction made is that between the "character novel" ("Vanity Fair") and the "dramatic novel" ("Wuthering Heights"). In the first the characters are complete and realized at the very beginning of the novel and at any given point in it; in the second, progressive characterization ceases only with the last chapter. The plot of the character novel is expansive, that of the dramatic novel, intensive. "The dramatic novel is an image of modes of experience, the character novel a picture of modes of existence." The first sees life in Time, personally; the second sees it in Space, socially. Some novels, and here we must include the greatest, "War and Peace," apparently escape both categories; Mr. Muir proposes to denote them "chronicles," in which the element of time is not "seized subjectively and humanly in the minds of the characters; it is seen from a fixed Newtonian point outside." The dominant concept in "War and Peace," as in all the magnificent antique chronicles, is that of causality. The debased form of the chronicle novel (which has enjoyed so great a vogue during the last twenty years) Mr. Muir terms the "period novel," which includes the better-known works of such writers as Bennett and Galsworthy. Mr. Muir gives the clearest, because most unimpassioned, analysis of the comparative failure of the contemporary realistic school that I have yet encountered; his monograph would be worth reading for this alone. No brutal summary such as is here presented can do justice, one must add, to Mr. Muir's lucid and concrete exposition.

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Books in Brief

Cavender's House. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Mr. Robinson's new narrative poem must take a minor place among the many that he has written. The idea—that of a man who pleads with the ghost of his murdered wife to tell him whether his suspicions of her had ever been justified—is beautifully characteristic of Robinson; for of course the ghost cannot tell, and Mr. Robinson is never so much at home as when he has a hero asking unanswerable questions. But the treatment is, so to speak, too characteristic. The exquisite-ly, coldly tempered manner of "The Man Who Died Twice" and the Arthurian poems becomes a bundle of mannerisms here; the indirect method for which Mr. Robinson is justly so famous fades into a series of spectral, frosty innuendoes. The dark depths of this poet's doubt have for once submerged what he has to say. Not that "Cavender's House" is not better than most living writers could have made it. It simply is not as good as Mr. Robinson has been before, not as rich or interesting. Coming just after "Tristram," it suggests the generalization that its author is happiest when dealing with persons already made for him by history or legend. He has made Cavender and his wife out of whole new cloth. The weave, however—and this was true of Shakespeare in such instances—is quite too limp and tenuous.

The City Day. An Anthology of Recent American Poetry. By Eda Lou Walton. The Ronald Press Company. $2.25.

Miss Walton, convinced that the new student has little knowledge of the real or mythical countryside with which most anthology verse is occupied, constructs with great care a collection of the best contemporary poetry that has dealt with the city— or at any rate with the peculiarly modern ideas and moods that we tend to attribute to a megalopolitan society. If some of the contributions seem rather forced into this mold, and if the arrangement of the book into three divisions called *Morning, Afternoon,* and *Evening* seems a bit arbitrary, the book is nevertheless excellent. Few contemporary anthologies have been so consistently fine in their selections. Miss Walton has gone to the best sources, the poets themselves, in many cases eliciting specimens hitherto unpublished elsewhere. The collection will not be easy reading for most students. So much the better, perhaps; and in any case good modern poetry is difficult.

God in the Modern World: A Symposium. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

It occurred to Bishop A. A. David of Liverpool that all the many types of thinkers might, despite their controversies, be working their way toward the same great truths. Accordingly he invited papers from a heterogeneous but carefully selected group of Englishmen, including Studdert-Kennedy, Viscount Haldane, Percy Dearmer, and Hugh Walpole. In the resulting book one finds popularized biology and uncompromising metaphysics, religious conservatism dressed up in scientific language and a fairly thoroughgoing monism disguised in orthodox phraseology, the mysticism of a novelist and the practical preoccupations of a teacher of ethics. The writers, in a manner that is pleasantly tolerant despite their earnestness, describe four or five of the familiar footpaths in the morass of modern religious thought. But, regardless of the fact that the aim of the symposium excluded the more extreme types of dissenting opinion, both conservative and radical, diversity of outlook is more apparent than any kind of agreement on either ends or means.

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Falmouth for Orders. By A. J. Villiers. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

The passing of the windjammer has been chronicled so often that one almost hates to record that there is still quite a fleet of modern square-riggers left, especially under the flag of Finland. And only last year A. J. Villiers sailed in a race between two four-masted barques—one Finnish and the other Swedish—from Australia to England, with wheat. Mr. Villiers writes a readable story of his passage on the Herzogin Cecilie, but one feels some of the same unreality in it that is experienced in driving down Fifth Avenue in a horse-drawn cab.

Annals of the New York Stage. By George C. D. Odell. Vols. III and IV. Columbia University Press. $17.50.

Professor Odell here continues his gargantuan "Annals" and in the present two volumes carries the record down to 1843. His indefatigable research allows nothing to escape him—not even the "sagacious elephant, Tipoo Sultan," who acted at the Lafayette Amphitheater in 1826—and he closes an account of an entertainment at Niblo's with this philosophical reflection: "Laugh and ye list, ye followers of Follies and Scandals, and other intellectual diversions of a later day! With the Ravals your ancestors thought they got exactly what you think you are getting; 'de te fabula,' say I, to each of you." Doubtless these volumes will be the standard for all time and it is well that the work has been done by one who takes such obvious joy in his task. Few commentators upon the contemporary stage seem as familiar with all its personages as Professor Odell does with those of a forgotten time.

Music

Epilogue of the Season

ILLUMINATING in contrast and effect as well as an eloquent epilogue of our opera season, are the two works of Monteverdi and Stravinsky "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda" and "Les Noces" as recently presented by the League of Composers in New York. In truth the ultra-sophisticated primitiveness of the Russian Stravinsky seems to find a logical foil in the archaic grace and dramatic one-mindedness of the man of the Renaissance.

Monteverdi, for two centuries all but forgotten, has of late years, thanks in part to Mr. Werner Jostin's efforts, renewed his importance as the far-distant progenitor of the modern music drama. He composed this so-called drawing-room opera as a setting to an episode from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" in 1616, ten years before it was presented at the palace in Venice of his patron, Signor Mocenigo, and we are told that it was performed "before the whole nobility who remained deeply affected even to the point of shedding tears and gave it great applause for being sung in a style no longer heard or seen." This statement, coming from the composer, is especially significant in that the artificialities and over-decoration of the Neapolitan school had at that time unfortunately begun to set the style in opera. In his foreword to the "Combattimento" the composer gives these noteworthy indications to his narrator, mimes, and singers:

> Let them make the movements and gestures that the text requires, observing diligently their tempi, strokes, and steps, and the instrumentalists their exciting or soothing sounds, and the narrator his words pronounced in time for the rest, so that the three elements may combine into a single representation.

Here it seems we have foreshadowed the goal that Wagner struggled to envisage, and only Debussy of all the moderns fully attained. In the details, likewise, of this cantata-pantomime we find surprising echoes of our own modernity. The orchestration is especially skilful in previsaging and accentuating the action, and for the first time in the history of opera we find the usage of *tremolo* and *pizzicato* as an important means of dramatic emphasis. Moreover, even to the uninitiated layman, the correspondence between the sequence of orchestral chords and the sword-blows on the part of the assailants becomes apparent, and this without any impairment of the essential naivete of Monteverdi's idiom.

In spite of its simplicity of structure, however, "Il Combattimento" offers signal difficulties of presentation. The liaison between narrator, singer, and mimes as well as the orchestra accompaniment must be of the most intimate ensemble, such indeed as is especially difficult of attainment on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. The performance suffered on this account, and also through a certain unfamiliarity on the part of the actors with the technique of the stage. Barring these deficiencies, however, the performance was of high order reflecting great credit on Mr. Jostin's leadership, and arousing eagerness to see his next Monteverdi production, the "Orfeo," which is to be given in Northampton on May 11.

If the production of "Il Combattimento" suffered through certain difficulties of equipment and circumstance, the performance of "Les Noces" on the other hand was as nearly perfect as can be imagined. In this evocation of Russian peasant lore and wedding rites Stravinsky has provided a glowing page of paganism. It was as such that Mr. Stokowsky with all his accustomed verve read the score, and that Mr. Soudukine with complementary art arranged the settings. The music was to some of us a bit familiar through previous concert performance, but it is astonishing to find how this barbaric and at the same time sophisticated score with its inverted and at times almost distorted rhythms seems almost to cry for pictorial illustration and, above all, movement. It is indeed a sort of paroxysm of the dance, the realization of the savage in over-civilized man of today. It was just this blending of apparently paradoxical elements that Mr. Stokowsky potently exposed. The score calls for four pianos and riotous percussion effects, but under this conductor's superlative direction the orchestration never lost line or descended to even excusable chaos. The dances themselves, fortunately, were wholly executed by Russian performers. It seems obvious that none but Russians could perform the series of abrupt, jerky, and entirely grotesque movements that this music seems to call for and to which Daghlieff and his Ballet Russe have accustomed us; and yet, with the entire success that this method of illustrating Stravinsky's conception seems to imply, this writer at least is tempted to inquire whether perhaps a few added occasional touches of something less abrupt and more subtle in mood might not bring in a welcome note of contrast. After all the Russian, with all his primitiveness, is partly Oriental in essential being, and one who has seen the native dances of Siam with their infinite and sinuous motion could desire a slight injection of this slower moving fatalism into the orgiastic conception of these dances.

We are told that Stravinsky was much under the influence of "Le Sacre" and its ideas when he brought forth "Les Noces" and that in this latter opus he goes back to what for him may be called "neoclassicism." Whether we are ardent cataloguers of his diverse styles and tendencies or not, it is quite apparent that in this particular work he has achieved powerful results, and that his imagination has most felicitously encompassed in one idiom two aspects of evolution which, seemingly at variance, have yet much fundamentally in common.

LAWRENCE ADLER.

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International Relations Section

Censorship in Ireland

By R. M. FOX

Dublin, Ireland, March 30

ON this side of the Atlantic we are having our censorship troubles. In England they center round the Puritanic personality of Joynson-Hicks but in Ireland—where the Censorship Bill has just passed through the Dail—the blame cannot be attached to any one man or section, though Bernard Shaw intervened in the controversy with the suggestion that Ireland is surrendering to the Puritans. The Committee on Evil Literature, on whose findings the Bill was based, included in its five members a Protestant clergyman as well as a Catholic priest. It recommended that the terms "indecent and obscene" should be given a wider interpretation, that a Censorship Board should be set up "to advise the Minister of Justice as to any books, newspapers, or magazines circulated in the Saorstat that, in the opinion of the board, are demoralizing and corrupting," and that the minister should have power to prohibit these publications. Other recommendations included the prohibition of books or advertisements relating to birth control. Regarding books, opinion varied from that of a witness who desired to ban Rabelais and Balzac and wanted Bowdler's edition of Shakespeare to the committee opinion that "literature has never been restricted in any country to writings that meet the standard to be observed in works intended only for the youth."

The committee was apprehensive of the latitude which certain post-war writers permit themselves. The war blew the bottom out of many conventions and younger writers have been casting round since, raking together what is true out of the debris. The less serious-minded play among the ruins or content themselves with jeering at all those beliefs which did not prevent Europe going to the shambles. This unrest in literature—as in life—is "calculated to undermine the accepted moral standards," in the phrase of the Committee on Evil Literature. A certain amount of mental and moral dynamiting might reasonably be expected to follow the shattering operations on the Western front. And the Censorship Committee really represented, on its most serious side, the attempt to defend pre-war standards against post-war attacks. Behind this perfectly intelligible—if debatable—position cluster the obscurantists, the narrow devotees of suppression. Repeatedly groups of young men have seized sensational English Sunday newspapers and burned them to prevent the infection of Irish homes. On one occasion the police rescued some bundles that were slightly scorched and there was a rush for the browned copies when they arrived at the news agent's. These young men are members of various vigilant societies. But ignorant censorship has not been confined to such groups.

Galway Library Committee has ordered the burning of books by Arnold Bennett, Victor Hugo, Maeterlinck, Tolstoy, etc. Other writers, including Bernard Shaw, have been removed from the shelves and the sanction of the committee must be obtained before they may be read. The secretary remarked casually that no one could hold that Tolstoy wa suitable for circulation. More recently in Tralee, Count Kerry, "Jesus Christ," by Didon, an eminent Dominica writer, has been deleted, presumably because he was confuse with Renan. Papini's "Story of Christ" was also sacrifice —he may have been mixed with Emil Ludwig who has bee denounced by clerics. Maeterlinck, Synge's plays, Yeats' works, Ouida's "Two Little Wooden Shoes," Daudet's "Tar tarin," Herbert Spencer's "Sociology," Meyer's "Huma Personality," Darwin, Wells, Byron, Stout's "Manual o Psychology," and Conan Doyle's "Coming of the Fairies" were also among the victims.

Such incidents indicate that wintry winds are blowin in Ireland and the shorn lamb of literature may be in for hard time. An undercurrent of criticism in the Dail an outside emphasized the danger of narrow bigotry which th censorship may encourage. Ignorant opponents of literatur wrap themselves in the cloak of religion and morality. Whe they are brought into contact with great books they are lik those scurrying little creatures who live under stones an blink in the light of the sun. The original text of the bil allowed such people every scope. It proscribed books "cal culated to excite sexual passion" which, as G. W. Russel (Æ) and others pointed out, condemned some of the fines poems and books which have been written and was an attack upon life itself. A Catholic publicist made the most biting criticism when he explained that this revived the Manichean heresy which was condemned by an early church council. Devotees of this heresy bound themselves not to marry and especially not to have children. In their denial of life these ascetics were among the earliest believers in birth control. The offending sentence was later deleted from the bill.

As introduced it provided for a censorship board of five members which was increased to nine. This larger number divides responsibility and may make each censor not so liable to be harried into making unfortunate decisions. But the biggest victory obtained by the critics of the bill was the deletion of the clause providing for "recognized associations" to bring complaints before the Censorship Board. There was a large majority against giving these bodies any legal status. One deputy described them as witch doctors whose function it would be to smell out immoral books. As these associations are far keener on censorship than on reading their deletion from the bill is a great gain.

Critics of the bill had nothing to say in favor of the baser Sunday papers which make an unwholesome appeal. Yet though the *Irish Statesman,* which has a high literary standard, suggested producing journals at home which would raise the tone and so counteract the others, those papers whose intellectual poverty is notorious clamored for their British rivals' suppression. Irish readers are compelled to rely upon English periodicals because of the lack of readable Irish magazines and journals. The Bishop of Dromore, a supporter of the Censorship Bill, has stated that it is at least as important to produce good literature as to keep out bad. But it is easier to clamor for suppression. Ireland has its moods of self-righteousness and, in this mood, the censorship of books and papers from outside may be rigorously carried out, though modifications of the bill indicate that the danger may not be so great as it seemed. These *un*-"recognized associa-

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tions," without taking pains over scholarship, find it easy to work themselves into an exaltation of saintliness in which the burning of books they cannot understand seems desirable.

Not long ago a little girl in a Dublin street asked me to buy a flag. She explained wisely that it was for "clean books and clean clothes." She took this literally and had visions of spotless schoolbooks and equally spotless frocks. Those who sent her out were concerned with the campaign against evil literature and short skirts. But the child's innocence proved the most effective censorship against the corrupting influence of their propaganda. I have also seen an Irish paper for boys containing a picture of an Irish mother flogging a news agent with a horsewhip because he had given her son a copy of a "filthy English paper" in place of the pure-souled Irish product for which he had been sent. A narrow, arrogant, and insular pride of virtue does exist in Ireland. Armed with the censorship there is no telling where it may lead unless it is restrained by educated opinion.

Some supporters of the censorship want to limit the importation of what is flagrantly filthy, others want to use the bill to attack literature which they dislike because it threatens their intellectual stagnation. The first sections are alive and responsive to the currents of thought in the modern world. The others, strong only in their prejudices, peer at the world with dull hostility. The Shannon electricity scheme, all forward moves in trade and education, fill them with foreboding. They are the cavemen of Ireland and are making their last stand. When electricity hums through the air, driving the wheels of Irish industry, when the new schools which are being built are filled with eager scholars, then Ireland will be linked with the life, the thought, and the industry of the world. Any attempt to cut her off from the world's literature, old or new, must fail. The struggle in essence is the same as that between the fundamentalists and the modernists, a struggle as unequal as that of the Tibetans with prehistoric weapons and a modern army equipped with machine-guns. The only way to insure that people will not read the wrong books is to keep them illiterate.

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